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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[1858–1865.]

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME VIII.

BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT. 1757-1759.

[*Continued.*]

CHAP. PAGE

XI. WINTER IN BRESLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS . 1

Of the English Subsidy, p. 9.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be, 14.

XII. SIEGE OF OLMUTZ 18

XIII. BATTLE OF ZORNDORF 37

Theseus and the Minotaur over again,—that is to say, Friedrich at Handgrips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August 1758), p. 46.

XIV. BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH 58

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony in Friedrich's Absence, p. 59.

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; intrenches himself, in Neighbourhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead-lock, for a Month; with Issue, a Flank-march on the part of Friedrich's Army,—which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th-October 10th, 1758), 61.

What actually befell at Hochkirch (Saturday 14th October 1758), 69.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October-20th November 1758), 81.

CHAP. PAGE

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's Astonishment, 82.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th-16th November), 84.

BOOK XIX.

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR. 1759-1760.

I. PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN . . 91

Of the Small-War in Spring 1759. There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon (February-April); and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen (April 13th), p. 101.

II. GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZULLICHAU 119

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday 23d July 1759), without Success, p. 123.

III. FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS . . . 128

IV. BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF 142

V. SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN 167

The "Reichs Army" so-called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th-23d),—with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one, p. 177.

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th-September 4th): Diary of what is called the "Siege" of Dresden, 182.

VI. PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA 197

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action, p. 203.

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September), 205.

CHAP. PAGE

Friedrich manages (September 24th-October 24th) to get the Russians sent home; and himself falls lamed with Gout, 212.

VII. FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN 224

VIII. MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-60 . 236

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honour of a certain Event;—but is unpleasantly interrupted, p. 238.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis! 241.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November 1759): of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other, 243.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March-June 1760) an Edition of his Poems. Question, "Who wrote *Matinées du Roi de Prusse?*"—for the second, and positively the last Time, 248.

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich all through Winter; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding, 253.

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's, 268.

IX. PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN . . 271

MAPS.

	PAGE
SIEGE OF OLMUTZ	56*a*
BATTLE OF ZORNDORF	ib.
„ „ HOCHKIRCH	78*a*
„ „ MINDEN.	138
„ „ KUNERSDORF	231*a*
„ „ MAXEN	ib.
FOR THE THIRD SILESIAN WAR . .	*at end of Volume*

HISTORY

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757–1759.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER IN BRESLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, '*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite;' 'eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one 'down.' He is tired too, he says, of the mere business-talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly-roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavour in it.[1] The troops once all in their Winter-quarters, he sits-down in Breslau as his own wintering-place: place of relaxation,—of rest, or at least of changed labour,—no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

[1] Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th &c.: *Œuvres*, xxvi. 167, 169; Stenzel, v. 123).

There come various visitors, various gaieties,—King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, 'at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself.' A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugen of Würtemberg, are wintering here. The Marquis d'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter,—needed now, since De Prades is off. "Should you have known me again?" asked Friedrich. "Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner." "That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!"[2] There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ("Major Quintus Icilius" that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*;[3] which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary:—and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct:

Friedrich to D'Argens (three different times).

1°. *On the road to Leuthen* '(Torgau, 15th November 1757). * * 'I have been obliged to have the Abbé arrested' (De Prades, of whom enough, long since); 'he has been playing the spy, and I have 'many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very un-'grateful.—I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (*prodigieuse-'ment de vers*). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-quarters: 'if I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they 'be put into your hand.'

'Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot 'there;—and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-'quarters:'—on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 285.

[3] à La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134).

eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care.[4] For example:

2°. *While settling the Winter-quarters* ('Striegau, 26th December '1757:' Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). * * 'What a pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in your 'own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (*Jäger*), who will 'appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short journeys: 'the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third to Grünberg, 'fourth to Glogau, fifth to Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. I have di- 'rected that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed 'everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in 'this House' (Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago) 'is carpeted, hermetically shut. You shall suffer 'nothing from draughts or from noise.'[5]—Lucky Marquis; what a Landlord! Came accordingly; stayed till deep in April,—waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus:

3°. *Friedrich on the field again for five weeks past* ('Münsterberg, '23d April 1758'). 'Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are now in 'Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how you like; 'take care of yourself; and be ready for the beginning of October 'next!—As to me, *mon cher*, I am off to fight windmills and ostriches '(*Autruches*), that is, Russians and Austrians (*Autrichiens*). Adieu, '*mon cher*.'[6]

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a *Letter* from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: "Go home, then, good neighbours; don't break into my house, don't cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!" Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address;—not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it.[7] And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria's high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France's Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: "Do not speak of it, *ma Reine!* Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill-luck? Never!"

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 43. [5] Ib. xix. 48. [6] Ib. xix. 49.

[7] In *Preuss*, ii. 130 (Friedrich's Letter mostly given;—bearer a Prince von Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms): Stenzel, v. 124 (for the *per-contra* feeling).

France dismisses its D'Argenson, "What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!"—summons the famed Belleisle to be War-Minister, and give things an eagle-quality:[8] France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France,—would she were as punctual as England used to be!),—in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. "Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?" Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance.—Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact;—is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, 'a good many of them Austrian deserters';[9] and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England,—of which more anon.

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think what Russia's will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court-Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Preussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down,—only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire with their effects, especially 'with seven wagons of money.' January 22d, Fermor enters Königsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestos, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, "That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East Preussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well-governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social

[8] '26th February 1758' (*Barbier*, iv. 258). [9] Stenzel, v. 155.

position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality at their peril."

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblessed operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation, with shifts, such as they could devise:—for example, some were observed to swear with gloves on; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right *fist* with a stuffed glove at the end of it,—*so* help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here)![10] And thus does Preussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian: and does not recover the old human form till four years hence,—when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Preussen again,—never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done: on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals,—"Swear *me* those Saxons, then!" said he; and some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one's humour cooled again.[11] East Preussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever; still loved Friedrich, say the Books; but it is Russia's for the present, and the mischief is done. East Preussen itself, Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time: in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexpiable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those

[10] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 147-9; Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477, &c.
[11] Preuss, ii. 163: Oath given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 631.

parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn, seized Elbing ("No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time!"),—and would fain have had Dantzig too, but Dantzig wouldn't. Not till June 16th did the unwieldy mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way; and begin slowly staggering westward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore;—and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes,—had got them all bottled-up in Stralsund again, about New-year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year;—and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is, that of the whole "Swedish Division," as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was "put to flight by Five Berlin Postillions;"—substantially a truth, as follows:

'Night of September 12th-13th, 1757, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, 'did at last begin business; crossed Peene River, the boundary be- 'tween their Pommern and ours; and, having nothing but some 'fractions of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts 'there; spread over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark; 'diligently raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than '90,000*l.* in all for this poor Province; though, by a strange accident, '60,000*l.* proved to be the actual sum.

'Towards the end of October they had got as much as 60,000*l.* 'from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their head- 'quarter during that operation; and they now sent out a Detach- 'ment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, another 'little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring-out the 'remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not courting 'notice; but people had heard of its coming; and five Prussian Pos- 'tillions,—shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any rate skilful 'on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and an old pistol 'each, determined to do something for their Country. The Swedish 'Detachment had not marched many miles, when,—after or before some 'flourishes of martial trumpeting,—there verily fell on the Swedish 'flank, out of a clump of dark wood, five shots, and wounded one 'man. To the astonishment and panic of the other Two hundred and 'ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under new shots and trumpet-

'tones, as if it were from five whole hussar regiments; retreat double-'quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by the speed; alarm spreading 'at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole Division got to its feet, re-'crossed the Peene; and Uckermark had nothing more to pay, for 'that bout! This is not a fable, such as go in the Newspapers,' adds my Authority, 'but an accurate fact:'[12]—probably, in our day, the alone memorable one of that "Swedish War."

'The French,' says another of my Notes, 'who did the subsidying 'all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Austria's 'name), had always an idea that the Swedes,—22,000 stout men, this 'year, 4,000 of them cavalry,—might be made to coöperate with the 'Russians; with them or with somebody; and do something effective 'in the way of destroying Friedrich. And besides their subsidies and 'bribings, the French took incredible pains with this view; incessantly 'contriving, correspondencing, and running to and fro between the 'parties;[13] but had not, even from the Russians and Czarish Majesty, 'much of a result, and from the Swedes had absolutely none at all. 'By French industry and flagitation, the Swedish Army was generally 'kept-up to about 20,000: the soldiers were expert with their fighting-'tools, knew their field-exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout 'hardy fellows: but the guidance of them was wonderful. "They 'had no field-commissariat," says one Observer, "no field-bakery, no 'magazines, no pontoons, no light troops; and," among the Higher 'Officers, "no subordination."[14] Were, in short, commanded by 'nobody in particular. Commanded by Senator Committee-men in 'Stockholm; and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid re-'sponsibility; who, instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. 'The history of their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, 'this:

'Late in the season (always late, War-Offices at home, and Cap-'taincies here, being in such a state), they emerge from Stralsund, an 'impregnable place of their own,—where the men, I observe, have 'had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled oat-'meal;[15] and have died extensively in consequence:—they march from 'Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish-Pom-'mern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing through 'quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore: River un-'fordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five places, where

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; Archenholtz, i. 160.

[13] For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, *Correspondance avec &c., étant employé par le Roi de France à l'Armée Suédoise, 1757-1761* ('with the Swedish Army,' yes, and sometimes with the Russian,—and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there:—a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), *à Londres* (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 voll. small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaincourt; a *Campagne des Russes en 1757*; &c. &c.—in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.

[14] Archenholtz, i. 158.

[15] Montalembert, i. 32-37, 335, 394 &c. (that of the demand for Norse *porridge*, which interested me, I cannot find again).

'paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, cross Peene; 'after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and the one or two 'poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, *Peenemünde* (Peene-'mouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prussian Pommern, or over 'into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred miles; exacting contri-'butions; foraging what they can; making the poor country-people 'very miserable, and themselves not happy,—their soldiers "growing 'yearly more plunderous," says Archenholtz, "till at length they got, 'though much shyer of murder, to resemble Cossacks," in regard to 'other pleas of the crown.

'There is generally some fractional regiment or two of Prussian 'force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; 'who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all oppor-'tunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on foot, 'for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered by 'Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do excel-'lent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian 'friend, strikes-out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and effec-'tive, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what opposi-'tion can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout-service, 'or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight' (when they can *see*), 'and living on their shifts, will rove inward, perhaps '100 miles; say south-westward, say south-eastward' (towards Ruppin, which we used to know),—'they love to keep Mecklenburg usually 'on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small fights befall them, 'usually beatings; never anything considerable. That is their success 'through Summer.

'Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars arrive, 'disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes are driven over 'Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the River with its quagmires 'freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peenemünde Redoubt; lose Demmin, 'Wollin; are followed into Swedish Pommern, oftenest to the gates 'of Stralsund, and are locked-up there, there and in Rügen adjoining, 'till a new season arrive.'—This year (1757-8), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rügen to the mainland. "What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?" signifies Friedrich, hastily: "Besiege me Stralsund!" Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labour (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died.—'Every new season there was a 'new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was 'mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stockholm

11th April 1758.

'itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: but the Senator 'Committee-men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

'The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about fifteen 'regiments in different parts;—about five in Pommern, which set the 'example; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the *Stände* 'themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes were 'under way, and which stood ready for some action, under veterans 'of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were kept up 'through the War. The *Stände* even raised a little fleet,[16] river fleet 'and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful carronade in each, 'and effective men and captain; a great check on plundering and 'coast-mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at last made an effort 'and destroyed them all.'

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his *Stände;* and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes,—except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood:—Friedrich gets no Life-and-Fortune Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War;—nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

Of the English Subsidy.

One of Friedrich's most important affairs, at present,—vitally connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all-important,—was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War; the second in regard to subsidy for it; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable; and his pride, and his reflections on the last Subsidy Treaty, "One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic," instead of which came Zero and Kloster-Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be

[16] Archenholtz, i. 110.

rational and practical; and at London, 11th April 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished;[17] "That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, 670,000*l.*; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object;—neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other." Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so-called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. "Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?" Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, "Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!" —which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

In all the spoken or covenanted points the Treaty was accurately kept: 670,000*l.*, two-thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English-Prussian Treaty of the Seven-Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept,—the last of them, '12th December 1760,' had reference to Subsidy for 1761:—and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Subsidies; 670,000*l.* × 4 = 2,680,000*l.* of English money altogether:—and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the 800,000,000*l.* we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise.[18]

[17] In four short Articles; given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 16-17.

[18] First Treaty, 16th January 1756 (is in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 681), 'We will 'oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany;' Second Treaty, 11th January 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Schöll, iii. 30-32: 'one million subsidy, 'a Fleet &c.' (not *kept* at all); after which,

Third Treaty (the *first* really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather. Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this "Protestant Hero," authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honours, out of its Worcester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. *Reverend Mr. Whitfield and the Protestant Hero.* 'Monday 'January 2d,' 1758, 'was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving, at the 'Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road' (brand-new Chapel, still standing and acting, though now in a dingier manner), 'by Mr. Whitfield's 'people, for the signal Victories gained by the King of Prussia over 'his Enemies.[19]—"Why rage the Heathen; why do the people im-"agine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously sunk in sin against "the Most High:—but they, do they think that, by earthly propping "and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, with his Three Hats, can "sweep away the Eternal Stars!"'—In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising-up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

No. 2. *King of Prussia's Birthday* (Tuesday January 24th). 'This 'being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered into the 'forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with illumina-'tions and other demonstrations of joy;'—throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, 'great rejoicings and illuminations,' it appears,[20]—now shining so feebly at a century's distance!—No. 3 is still more curious; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. *Miss Barbara Wyndham's Subsidy.* 'March 13th, 1758,' —while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce,—

'Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, 'Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered her 'banker to prepare the sum of 1,000*l.* to be immediately remitted, in

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1758 (given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really *second*), 7th December 1758 (Ib. v. 752); Fifth (*third*), 9th November 1759; Sixth (*fourth*), 12th December 1760. See *Preuss*, ii. 124 n.

[19] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41.

[20] Ib. p. 43; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.

'her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia.'[21] Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing!

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the "English Lady" referred to may be Miss Bab. herself;—of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us:

'*To the Authors of the London Chronicle.*[22]

'The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show 'with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends to 'the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications from all 'persons.

'An English Lady being possessed of actions' (shares) 'in the 'Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, re-'paired to Antwerp' (some two years ago, as will be seen), 'and made 'application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, established 'there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs relative 'thereto. This person,' Van Erthorn the name of him, 'very will-'ingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend 'being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also insisting 'on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, '—she broke-off with him, and had recourse to some merchants at 'Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equit-'able terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before 'this Director for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the 'solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was like to lose the 'advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of 'the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render 'all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this the Lady 'wrote a Letter by the common post to his Majesty of Prussia, ac-'companied with a Memorial complaining of the treatment she had 'received from the Director; and she likewise enclosed the actions 'themselves in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of 'the post, his Majesty condescended to answer her Letter; and the 'actions were returned authenticated; which so restored her credit, 'that in a few hours all difficulties were removed relating to the trans-'action she had in hand; and it is more than probable the Director 'has felt his Majesty's resentment for his ill-behaviour.—The Lady's 'Letter was as follows:

"Antwerp, 19th February 1756.

"Sir,—Having had the happiness to pay my court to your Ma-

[21] *London Chronicle*, March 14th-16th, 1758; *Lloyd's Evening Post*; &c. &c.
[22] *London Chronicle*, of 13th-15th April 1758.

"jesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin" (say in Voltaire's time; Miss Barbara's "Embden Company," I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers), "and to receive such marks "of favour from their Majesties the Queens" (a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirees at Montbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and investing moneys in the new Embden Company) "as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of,—I presume to flatter "myself that your Majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty "I have taken in laying before you my complaints against one Van "Erthorn, a Director of the Embden China Company, whose bad be- "haviour to me, as set forth in my Memorial, hath forced me to make "a very long and expensive stay at this place; and, as the consider- "able interest I have in that Company may farther subject me to his "caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your "Majesty's throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that "you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director "shall not act towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

"I hope for this favour from your Majesty's sovereign equity; and "I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity "of your glorious reign; having the honour to be, with the most re- "spectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and "most devoted servant, * * *"

'The King of Prussia's Answer.

"Potsdam, 26th February 1756.

"Madam,—I received the Letter of the 19th instant, which you "thought proper to write to me; and was not a little displeased to "hear of the bad behaviour of one of the Directors of the Asiatic "Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to "complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have "just now dispatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my Presi- "dent of the Chamber of East Friesland," Chief Judge in those parts.[23] "You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you that "the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection.—FRIED- "RICH."'

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's 1,000*l*. The Prussian account, which calls her "an English *Jungfrau, Lady Salisbury*, who actually sent a sum of money,"[24] would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and

[23] Seyfarth, ii. 139.

[24] Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely '*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758.' Both in the *Annual Register* of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there or elsewhere), or any mention of a 'Lady Salisbury.'

intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as 'I well remember, among other 'things, mention the King's telling him that he,' the King, 'had re-'ceived a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wyndham; with a part of 'which he had bought the Flute then in his hand.'[25] Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad,—good still up to this date);—and nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay-out this 1,000*l.* in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts,—and, among other things, had said to himself, "I will have a new flute, too!" Probably one of his last; for I understand he had, by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after.[26]

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, "And with part of it I bought this Flute!" Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories.[27] I only know farther, Barbara died May 1765, 'aged and wealthy,' and 'with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called "Wyndham College,"'[28]—which I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be.

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather

[25] Letter from John Fowler, Esq., 'Salisbury, 2d April 1860,' to a Friend of mine (*penes me*): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp-Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.

[26] Preuss, i. 371-373.

[27] Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); &c.

[28] *Annual Register* (for 1765), viii. 86.

of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The "Descent on Rochefort," last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England; —an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not "descend" at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding councils of war yonder; 'cannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours;' and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clockwork, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices,—we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt;—which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it:—successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recall Lord Loudon, as a cunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his Austrian Cousin![29] "Abercrombie may be better," hopes he;—was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Rochefort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Parliamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four-years determined effort of this kind, things do improve: and it was wonderful, to what amount,—out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generalcies fully worse than

[29] Cousins certainly enough: their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568,—when Matthew, the cadet, went 'into Livonia,' into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner 'at the Battle of Langside,' 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a series of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; &c. &c. *Vie de Loudon* (ill-informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, 'in the fourteenth century'!

the Swedish,—Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich too, for the last month, in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown-off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: "I congratulate you, *mon cher*, " with my whole heart! May you *fleur-de-lys* every French " skin of them; cutting-out on their"—what shall we say (*leur imprimant sur le cul*)!—"the Initials of the Peace of West- " phalia, and packing them across the Rhine," tatooed in that latest extremity of fashion![30]

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already: to go home upon your Enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this; the second time with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given,—weight growing less and less;—but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given: it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how,—were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever dayswork may be ahead.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens,—his Headquarter thenceforth Kloster-Grüssau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep

[30] Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, 'Grüssau, 19th March 1758:' in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand während des 7-jährigen Krieges* ('from the English and Prussian Archives') is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book: *Letters* altogether; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil: 2 voll. 8vo, Hanover, 1857.

16th April 1758.

Bohemia quiet,—and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common labourers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Commandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three-months blockade has been tight upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

April 1st-2d,—Siege-material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places,—in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at "Fort No. 1," called also "*Galgen* or Gallows Fort," which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort,—though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. "Try it by storm!" counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of *April 15th-16th* storm takes place; with such vigour and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men);—and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade.[31] Fifty-one new Austrian guns, for one item, and about 7,000*l.* of money. Prisoners of War the Garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer-in-Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege;—other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War;—upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tielcke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others;—Artillery-Captain Tielcke, in the Saxon or Saxon-Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

[31] Tempelhof, ii. 21-25; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 109-123: above all, Tielcke, *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (6 voll. 4to, Freyberg, 1775-1786), iv. 43-76. Volume iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF OLMUTZ.

FOUQUET, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field he too, 'arrived at Königsgrätz March 13th'); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; entrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; "felling whole forests," they say, building abatis within abatis;—not doubting, especially on these Ziethen-Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. "Which he shall not do gratis!" hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem,—Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks-out from Grüssau and the Landshut region (April 19th-25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight south-eastward through Neisse, Jägerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way;—meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jägerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till *then* turning southward:* indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding, his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: "Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?" That is Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Königsgrätz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred-and-fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon

* See Plan, p. 56 *a*.

the Olmütz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view to besieging Olmütz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitative, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned-out luckier than had been expected by some people.

Olmütz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mähren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size,—population little above 10,000 souls;—has its Prince-Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night;[1] also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least memory of) being killed on the streets here;—uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger-stroke ended is certain enough:[2]—poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry;—and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmütz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old Moravian-Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very

[1] To Stralsund (1645), 'and has not since been heard of.'
[2] Suprà, vol. i. p. 103.

well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes locked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter-Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on way,—which we know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000;—King's vicegerent and other self there, "Do *your* wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!" Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reichs Army there may be;—has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing-up the incipiencies and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

And now, supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of Confederates, one and all. Königsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk,—here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mähren might have turned-out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rearguard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages,

and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving-on from Neisse, 'in four sections,' with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jägerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards;[3] —punctual everybody; besiegers and siege-materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th,—a forty miles to west of the Morawa,—few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoiterings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River; a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmütz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem, —Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi, as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he "opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off,"—which much increased the labour, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off,—Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (*his* for the moment), is eighty miles;—and was obliged to waste none of it.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His

[3] Table of his routes and stages in *Tempelhof*, ii. 46.

Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand:—and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more!—Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmütz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge,—how lucky had it been for Friedrich! But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. By no art of manœuvring, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business; pushing out parties on the Troppau road; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leonine*); such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws,—destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature: in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun: truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type;—stupid, if you will, but doing at all times

honestly his best and his wisest without flurry; which character is often of surprising value in War; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once; and this of barring him out from Olmütz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmütz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line; but, on the contrary, inert, dim-minded, inconclusive; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket there, forty or more miles from Olmütz; and did not see that a siege was meant. May 27th-28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmütz); still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege; still hanging by the mountains and the bread-basket. And there, about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and,—except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, 'attempting our convoys, more than once, to no 'purpose, and alarming some of our outposts almost every night, 'but every night beaten-off,'—does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmütz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he—But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation:

'The "destructive sallies" and the like, at Olmütz, were princip-
'ally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is certain,
'Olmütz this time was excellently well defended; the Commandant,
'a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and Garrison
'and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's progress was
'unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and Balbi's (who
'"spent his first 1,220 shots entirely in vain," beginning so far off),
'may be judged of,—the sound of him to Balbi sometimes stern enough!
'As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's parallels (top of the
'Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, "When do you calculate to get
'done, then?" West side of Olmütz and of the River (east side lies
'mostly under water), there is the bombarding; seventy-one heavy

'guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all the captaincies: 'Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and vigilant, with their 'faces to the east. In a ring of four camps, or principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across the River), all looking 'westward or north-westward, some ten or twenty miles from Keith, 'Friedrich (headquarters oftenest Prossnitz, the chief camp) stands 'facing Daun; who lies concentric to him, at the distance of another 'ten or twenty miles, in good part still thirty or forty miles from Olmütz, veiled mostly under a cloud of Pandours.

'Of Friedrich's impatiences we hear little, though they must have 'been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things are ready, 'were Olmütz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had followed Mayer 'in person, with a stronger corps, to root-out the Reichsfolk,—and is 'now in Bamberg City and Country. And is even in Baireuth itself, 'where was lately the Camp of the new Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, and his nascent Reichs Army; who are off bodily 'to Bohemia, "to Eger and the Circle of Saatz," a week before.[4] 'Fancy that visit of Henri's to a poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she 'ever had of a Brother, or of the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her 'of Zweibrücks and sorrowful guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas she 'is sunk in sickness this year more than ever; journeying towards 'death, in fact; and is probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of 'Friedrich's sorrows, now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich's pouting Brother, the Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in 'Camp at Olmütz. "What did he die of?" said Friedrich to the 'Messenger, a Major Something. "Of chagrin," said the Major, '"*Aus Gram.*" Friedrich made no answer.— —

'On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military and 'other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the French 'before him; who, as they are far more numerous, cannot surely but 'make some stand: so that a Battle there may be expected soon,—let 'us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved to be, three weeks 'after.[5] On the other hand, Fermor and his Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in their voluminous manner, 'since June 16th, though at a slow rate. How desirable the Siege of 'Olmütz were done!'

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General ("Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!"),—expert Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1,100 chosen grenadiers;—and himself cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp

[4] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 206-209. Wilhelmina's pretty Letter to Friedrich ('Baireuth, 10th May'); Friedrich's Answer ('Olmütz, June 1758'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 313-315.

[5] Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.

of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1,100 into Olmütz (useful to the Commandant); which,—by ingenious manœuvring, and guidance from the peasants 'through bushy woods and bypaths' on that east side of the River,—the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, "*Voilà les Autrichiens, ils apprennent à* "*marcher*, There are the Austrians; they are learning to "march, though!"—getting on their feet, like infants in a certain stage ('*marcher*' having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it);—they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmütz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; 'June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, and was pushing forward there,'—June 22d, day when Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in:—within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, 'between 3 and 4,000 wagons,' meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes and light people are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in. Mosel was to leave Troppau June 26th; Ziethen pushes-out to meet him from the Olmütz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers;—much more the

attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept roadworthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favourable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rearguard, with sparse pickets intervening;—wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. An enemy breaking-in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmütz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable[6]);—can't be hurried beyond that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call *raggery* in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to go in the lump withal; the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and *more* than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious

[6] Tempelhof, ii. 48.

28th June 1758.

Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmütz when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things: this convoy seized, or else a battle risked;—and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmütz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz coöperating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan,—now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled-up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof;* making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in Troppau neighbourhood, 'Güntersdorf, near Bautsch,' by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday 26th June.[7] The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble:—Mosel, to bring-up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Güntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Güntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday 28th), Mosel is again on the road;

* See Plan, p. 56 *a*. [7] Tempelhof, ii. 89-94.

heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Güntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again, for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful;—and that at Domstädtl there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudörfl;[8] and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstädtl ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls-in all reinforcements possible, and takes his measures. Thursday morning, Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again;—Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstädtl, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection, or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstädtl a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions,—precautions doubled, now that the woody intricacies about Domstädtl rise in sight. "Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon-salvoes, horse-charges, volleying musketries, as our first wagons enter the Pass;—and there will be a job!" Indecipherable to mankind far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the

[8] The *l*, or *el*, is a diminutive in these Names; (*Neudörfl*) 'New-Thorp*let*,' (*Domstädtl*) 'Cathedral-Town*let*,' and the like.

30th June 1758.

most industrious man. Escort, in three main bodies, vanguard, middle, rearguard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill-sergeantcy doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him,—still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy-footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill-sergeantcy such a problem.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander, repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon-chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon-fortress (*Wagenburg*); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots-out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon-chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon-chaos has got *un*plugged (fancy it!)—and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again; hearing the powder-wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in:—happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of

young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming-up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly yet six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honourably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death;—could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto,—nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The *Stände*, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by:—in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class—Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers—Be Spartan also, ye Mothers! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service: a country wife will say to you: "I have three of them, all in the regiment," Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment; "the eldest is ten inches" (stands five feet ten), "the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young."

Daun, on the day of this Domstädtl business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmütz, mazing up and down: Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while; perhaps having hopes of wager of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Dom-

2d-8th July 1758.

städtl Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle: news of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday July 1st),—who 'immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them,' such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it:—the Prussians are shooting-off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparations all completed; and 'Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe on the road since 2 A.M.'—the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine retreat, say all judges;—of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place,—which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts-up Königsgrätz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits-down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery temper: "*Hé, d'où venez-vous?*" asked he sharply, of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: "How come you here, *Mon Général?*" "By the Highway, your Excellency!" answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone.[9]

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried-up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed-out horse-charges, seized hill-tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur," —some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion,—"Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his Aide-de-Camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme*)!"[10] The excellent vernacular Keith;—still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with threefold precaution, got into Königsgrätz neighbourhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked-down with enigmatic wonder upon

[9] Retzow, i. 302. [10] Varnhagen, *Leben des &c. Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.

Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white;—here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the *in*side of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and 'woods of abatis;' and might make a very pretty "Bohemian Campaign" of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season.[11] Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, '1,000 Croats stealing-in upon Königsgrätz at one in the morning,' and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then?—Take the following dates, and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. 'Konitz' is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzig and Friedrich's Dominions:

'*Konitz*, 16*th June* 1758. This day Feldmarschall Fermor arrives 'in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past he has been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small Camps, with 'Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General Platen. But 'now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots-out Cossack Parties 'of quite other weight and atrocity; and is ready to begin business,—'still a little uncertain how. His Cossacks, under their Demikows, 'Romanzows, capable of no good fighting, but of endless incendiary 'mischief in the neighbourhood;—shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon 'them; but many beatings avail little. "They burn the town of 'Driesen" (Hordt having been hard upon them there); "town of 'Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages around;"—burn poor old women 'and men, one poor old clergyman especially, wind him well in straw-'roping, then set fire, and leave him;—and are worse than fiends or 'hyænas. Not to be checked by Platen's best diligence; not, in the 'end, by Platen and Dohna together. Dohna (18th June) has risen 'from Stralsund in check of them,—leaving the unfortunate Swedes 'to come out' (shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there),—'these hyæna Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. 'Dohna is diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dohna cannot 'cut the taproot of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat 'him: other effectual check there can be none.[12]

'*Tschopau* (in Saxony), 21*st June*. Prince Henry has quitted Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau and 'up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye well on

[11] Tempelhof, ii. 170-176, 185;—who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by 'Battalions' and 'Squadrons,' which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity:—guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135 &c.

'the Passes of the Metal Mountains,—where now, in the turn things 'at Olmütz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, *not* to invade. 'The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, counts itself '35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, there is a Reichs 'Army of 50,000 in all, this Year. And will certainly invade Saxony, '—though it is in no hurry; does not stir till August come, and will 'find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, and little to be made of 'him, though he is as one to two.

'*Crefeld* (Rhine Country), *23d June*. Duke Ferdinand, after skilful 'shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new or French 'side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn-up at Crefeld (June 23d); '47,000 of them *versus* 33,000: in altogether intricate ground; canal-'ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. Ground defensible 'against the world, had the 47,000 had a Captain; but reasonably safe 'to attack, with nothing but a Clermont acting that character. Ferdi-'nand, I can perceive, knew his Clermont; and took liberties with 'him. Divided himself into three attacks: one in front, one on Cler-'mont's right flank, both of which cannonaded, as if in earnest, but 'did not prevent Clermont going to dinner. One attack on front, one 'on right flank; then there was a third, seemingly on left flank, but 'which winded itself round (perilously imprudent, had there been a 'Captain, instead of a Clermont deepish in wine by this time), and 'burst-in upon Clermont's rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, 'think at what a rate;—scattering his 47,000 and him to the road 'again, with a loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against '1,700), and of honour—whatever was still to lose!'[13]

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine: and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not!), perhaps he might. At any rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures:—dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill; recall of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions; these and other strenuous measures,—and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld:—unfortunate old man, what a business that of "cutting Germany in four" has been to you, first and last!

'*Louisburg* (North America), *July 8th*. Landing of General Am-'herst's people at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of besieging 'that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult; 'the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readi-'ness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe; under 'the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under 'abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead: in one 'of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly 'mends), tossing us about like corks;—so that "many of the boats 'were broken;" and Wolfe and people "had to leap out, breast-deep,"

[13] Mauvillon, i. 297-309; Westphalen, i. 588-604; Tempelhof; &c. &c.

'and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very in-'tricate circumstances! Which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and 'his people; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As 'were all the subsequent Siege-operations, on land and on water, by 'them and the others:—till (August 8th) the Siege ended: in com-'plete surrender,—positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends); no 'Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it![14]

'These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich: but the 'difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and their 'devil-like ravagings, are hideous to think of:—unrestrainable by 'Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them; which he cannot. *June '27th*' (while Colonel Mosel, with his 3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy), 'slow Fermor rose from Konitz; began 'hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen,—a considerably 'stronger Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Si-'lesia;—and has been sitting there, almost ever since our entrance into 'Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both 'Countries; no deciding which of them he meant to invade with his 'main Army. Sits there almost a month, enigmatic to Dohna, enig-'matic to Friedrich: till Friedrich decides at last that he cannot be 'suffered longer, whichever of them he mean; and rises for Silesia '(August 2d). Precisely about which day Fermor had decided for 'Brandenburg, and rolled over thither, towards Cüstrin and the Frank-'furt-on-Oder Country, heralded by fire and murder, as usual.'

Friedrich's march to Landshut is, again, much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz-ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell-in with Daun's old abatis (well wind-dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days was in Kloster-Grüssau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's:

To Prince Henri (at Tschopau in Saxony). "What you write to "me of my Sister of Baireuth" (that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her) "makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, she is what I "have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is a Sister who "has my heart and all my confidence; and whose character is of price

[14] General Amherst's *Diary of the Siege* (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. 384-89).

"beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years, I "was brought-up with her: you can conceive how there reigns be- "tween us that indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment "for life, which in all other cases, were it only from disparity of ages, "is impossible. Would to Heaven I might die before her;—and that "this terror itself don't take away my life without my actually losing "her!"[15] * *

At Grüssau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: "O you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of "all in this world,—for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, "preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shed- "ding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for *us*, and"—O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever-loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write.[16]

Friedrich had last left Grüssau April 18th; he has returned to it August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grüssau he stayed two whole days;—busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th, he draws-up, for Prince Henri, "under seal of the most absolute secrecy," and with admirable business-like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: "I march tomorrow against the Russians: as "the events of War may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it "may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my "duty to let you know what my plans were," and what you are to do in that event,—"the rather as you are Guardian "of our Nephew" (late Prince of Prussia's Son) "with an "unlimited authority." Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to "beat the Russians utterly" (*à plate couture*, 'splay-seam'), "if it be possible;" then to &c.:—gives you his "itinerary," too, or probable address, till "the 25th" (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers anything that is not,

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 179, 'Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August 1758;' Henri's Letter is dated 'Camp of Tschopau, 28th July' (ib. 177).

[16] 'July 18th' is the last by her hand, and 'almost illegible;'—still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grüssau here, and answered at some length (*Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and Four of the King's (ib. 317-322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.

in spite of his hurry.[17] For Minister Finck also there went a Paper; seal *not* needing to be opened for the moment.

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmütz Army:—added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service.[18] Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes-off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

SUNDAY 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: 'his Majesty,' it seems, 'lodged in the Lebus Suburb, 'in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and was observed to 'go often out of doors, and listen to the cannonading, which 'was going on at Cüstrin.'[1] From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever,—longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt,—nothing of the Garrison at all,—but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin;—audible enough to Friedrich from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's redhot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A

[17] '*Disposition Testamentaire*' (so they have labelled it); given in *Œuvres*, iv. (*Appendice*) 261-262. Friedrich's *Testament* proper is already made, and all in order, years ago ('11th January 1752'): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new *editions* with slight improvements, '7th November 1768,' and '8th January 1769' the *finally* valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis: see *Preuss*, iv. 277, 401, and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some confused account of that matter.

[18] Stenzel, v. 163. [1] Rödenbeck, i. 347.

thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of 'two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;' and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's Book of *Contributions to the Art of War*[2] is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favour with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent, studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eye-witness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,[3] is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantoonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so-called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the

[2] *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und* (zur) *Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

[3] '*Tagebuch beyder &c.* (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf'), in Tielcke, ii. 1-75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216-224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; &c. &c.

Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterised as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and, if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder, or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent mealbags hung to every foot it has.

East Preussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the Baltic: poor blockheads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzig would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbour in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him,—the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Soldiery, or covering and fighting part."—"Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow,—long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way,—if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk?—

Fermor rose from Posen August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him,—Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next-best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th;[4] and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next headquarter is at Gross Kamin*); hoping in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th;—in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin, and 'roofed with copper,' in the Reformation times,—we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a gnarled obstinate aspect,—stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavour with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder;

[4] Tempelhof, ii. 216.

* Plan at p. 56 *a*.

stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighbourhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in whitewash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labour victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions cased in stone,—'perhaps too high,' say the learned,—is likely to be impregnable to Russian engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday 15th August 1758, At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quartermaster General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it:[5]—not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiership and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove-in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain clay-pits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenadoes at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything;—and had the honour to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping.[6]

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft,—from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. 'No life was lost, except that of one child in arms.' All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience;—Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the

[5] Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.
[6] Tielcke, ii. 75n.

morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender, or else—!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-postfacto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-postfacto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humour of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; "Cüstrin Siege" so-called still going-on;—had better make dispatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiership: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;"—and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!"—The sight of the poor country-people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow on his reappearance among them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you;—I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln* ('grass-devils,' I never know whether insects or birds); "but they can bite,"—hope you can!

Tuesday August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin,—as if he took it for some incipiency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here,

under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross,—here or not just here;—and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people,—night of Tuesday-Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view: and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!"—and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel tomorrow, there almost within wind of the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought-in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favourable one, "Ugh, only look!"—As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following:

'From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends crossing it 'tomorrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, 'where Fermor's headquarter lately was, may be about five miles. 'From Cüstrin, Kamin lies north-east about eight or ten miles: Zorn-'dorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies,—little dreaming 'of the sad glory coming to it,—pretty much in the centre between 'big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature a peat 'wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows

'crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, 'scraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps 'half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths); the 'cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green chan-'nels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the 'Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become 'notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich's 'time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of 'the Battle-ground has become irrecognisable, when compared with 'the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substan-'tial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to 'west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before 'it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensi-'bly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight 'changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, &c.: forming an irregu-'lar cleared "island," altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with 'unlimited circumambiencies of wood. It was here, on this island as 'we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was 'fought.

'Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, 'which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above 'the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles 'off; but it is the crown of the Country;—the ground dropping there-'from every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and 'Gross Kamin on south-east; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, 'Darmützel[7] on north-west; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge 'north-east, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards Cüstrin south-'west, where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorndorf.

'Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre 'of it,—where the Battle is likely to be:—Zorndorf and environs a 'bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the 'landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there 'are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). Mützel, 'or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly,' what is much to be marked by readers here, 'from the south, or Zorndorf 'side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, 'Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of Water, all 'making for Quartschen, to north or north-west, there to disembogue 'into the Mützel. Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the 'westernmost, called Zabern Hollow (*Zaberngrund*), is the most con-'siderable, and the most important to us here: *Galgengrund* (Gallows-'Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the third Leakage, 'though without importance, invites us to name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi '*Stocking*-quagmire,—because you can use no stockings there, except 'with manifest disadvantage.'—Take this other concluding trait:

* * 'Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad,

[7] *Dar* of the Mützel, whatever '*Dar*' may be.

20th-25th Aug. 1758.

'mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, 'borders the Warta for many miles towards Landsberg; Cüstrin-'Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the 'country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly drier till 'you get to the Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-'work again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkers-'dorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known to us, lie 'on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of 'that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild-ducks, pike-fishes, 'eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it.'

Thursday August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmützel and other crossing-places of the Mützel;[8]—by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!") — himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel;—and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before daybreak tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again;—and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come-in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder,—captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!"—which news, with the night closing-in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved-off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from

[8] Mitchell to Holderness, 'Dermützel, 24th August 1758' (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; Ib. ii. 40-47. Mitchell's Private Journal).

Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment;—and in the mean while pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zaberngrund in front. Quaggy Zaberngrund,—do readers remember it; one of those "Three continuous Leakages," very important to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight tomorrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin;—and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

Theseus and the Minotaur over again,—that is to say, Friedrich at Handgrips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August 1758).

Artless Fermor draws-out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his 'staff-baggage' (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, every where.[9] Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern, narrowest part,

[9] Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (*Plates* 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). Our poor Sketch at p. 58*a* strives to represent him as he stood when first attacked.

droops-down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and with his best people he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm-Mill Bridge whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-brügge*, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian quadrilateral; to break-in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. "Admirable," say the Critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!"—Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powderflask and breadbasket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all![10] This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humour hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel:—poor old Tamsel, do

[10] Retzow, i. 305-329.

readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one today!— Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward;—intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the colour of the facts;—and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mützel as hitherto. Fermor stirs-up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf,—Russian Minotaur scrutinising him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southernly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets. Desperado individuals of them gallop-up to the Infantry ranks, and fire-off their pistols there,—without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes-up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides-up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zabern-grund;—attack the corner of them, then; here on the south-west!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt,

accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards,—and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it;—according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day!—

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business;—is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zabern-grund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this south-western corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ('forty-two men of a certain regiment blown-away by a single ball,' in one instance[11]), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury, —had the second division but got-up to support Manteuffel!

[11] Tielcke.

The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges-out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "*Arah, Arah* (Hurrah, Hurrah)! Victory, Victory!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike-in: "Seidlitz, now!" The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin;—which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf,—Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark;—had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there:—death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break-open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap-down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and 'kill a good many of them' (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. 'A frightful blood-bath,' by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians drawing-

back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich,—on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved,—has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgen-grund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or south-eastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying:—time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range,—when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge-out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions;—'some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable,' says Tempelhof; 'they are Dohna's people, who fought per-'fectly at Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere' (they were all in such a finely-burnished state the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks-in like a *Deus ex machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian Infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. "No quarter!"—"Well, then, none!"

'Shortly after four o'clock,' say my Accounts, 'the firing,' regular firing, 'altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, 'on both sides; Prussians snatching cartridge-boxes of Russ-'sian dead;' and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, 'with bayonets, with butts of muskets, 'with hands, even with teeth' (in some Russian instances), 'such as was never seen before.' The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron;—on Mützel is no bridge left; 'the 'shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have 'tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze'—'like a 'pavement,' says Tielcke. The Russians,—never was such *vis inertiæ* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seemed to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall,—Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again,—some 2,000

foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked-up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring-up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too,—but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich 'looked always 'askance on those regiments that had been beaten at Gross 'Jägersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them proofs of 'it:'[12] very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!" —which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, 'in 1758 he, on his request, had leave to withdraw,'—poor soul, leave and more!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron, —that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

[12] Retzow;—and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, &c.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called-in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set-fire to it,—but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars,—and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.[13]

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south, looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns-out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires,—many devils still abroad. Excellency Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent-for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory" (not so conclusive hitherto) "which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich,—"Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.[14] To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush, and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ah, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty,—but Wakenitz" (my second) "does deserve promotion!"—which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before

[13] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.
[14] Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him ; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000 :—in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts ; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed ;—and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent-out a proposal, "That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!"—Dohna, who happened to be General in command there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain ; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battlefield and the morning sun ; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground ; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight : to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew-out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew ; but in both 'there was want of ammunition,' want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking" could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn-out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again ; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night ; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time ; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his Wagenburg, did not, this day, extinguish said Wagenburg, I do not know ; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown-up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried-off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards

Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from beyond the Zabern ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off;—one ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory,—sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so-named) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick-up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitering foremost of all.[15]

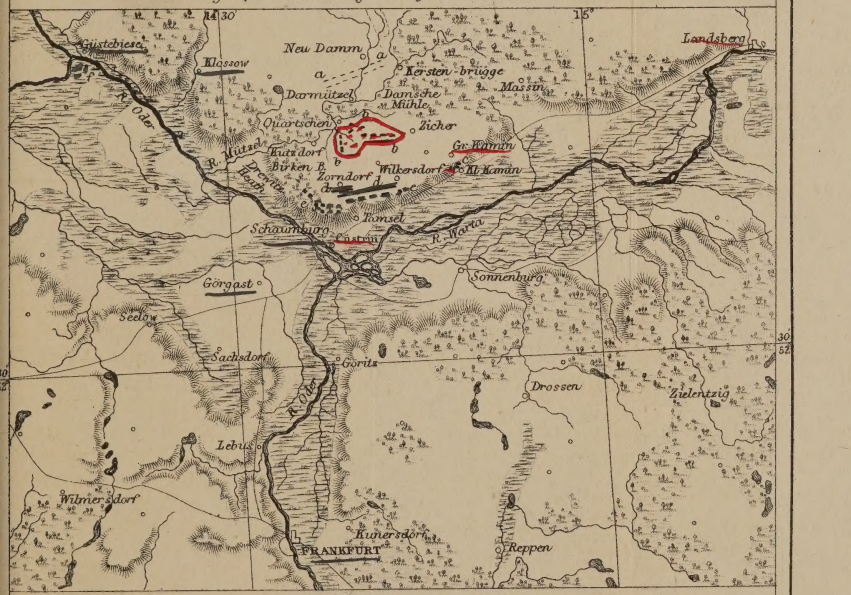
And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dextrous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to

[15] Tempelhof, ii. 216-38; Tielcke, ii. 79-154; Archenholtz, i. 253-64; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156-79 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); &c. &c.

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

12TH MAY — 2ND JULY 1758.

a.a. Stages of the Prussian March. b. Daun's Encampment.
c. Prussian Batteries and Entrenchments. d.d.d. Prussian Camps.
e.e. Loudon's March against Mosel's Convoy.
f f Mosel's resting quarters. g. Convoy attacked and ruined.



BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

25TH AUGUST 1758.

a.a. Prussian Army about to cross the Mützel.
b.b.b. Russian Army ranked for Battle. c. Russian Baggage
d.d. Prussian Infantry. e.e. Prussian Cavalry. f. Prussian Baggage.

its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Königsberg way;—Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

Fermor, walking off in this manner,—not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf,—strove at first to consider himself victorious. "I passed the night on the field of battle" (or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless): "may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried 'Arah' prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn-up again!)" thinks Fermor,—or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te-Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts,—till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: "*Te Deum* NON *laudamus;* alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!"

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited-on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster: violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach,—under Romanzow, I think, who had not taken part in the Battle, being out Stettin way, and unable to join till now,—Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg,—how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heyde, a gray old Half-pay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurting and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.[16] And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally

[16] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 ('3d-31st October 1758'), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

doing, make-off at a good pace,—having nothing to live upon farther,—and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far-on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some.—At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin. Russian Generals complained, "Is this a lodging for Field-Officers of rank!" Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: "Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!" Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged, —and perhaps will soon turn-up on us again.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, "To what shall our Daun now turn himself?" A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. "Recapture of Silesia?" Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from south-east on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from north-east: cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies;—and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities, —Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many,—

to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren: Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost,—merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned,* the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's Absence.

'Daun, pushing-out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau *August 17th;* which poor City is to 'be his basis and storehouse; the greatest activity and wagoning now 'visible there,'—among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. 'And in the 'same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot; 'Zweibrück pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can; 'intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention General 'Dombâle, Zweibrück's Austrian Second; who has the Austrian 15,000 'with him; and, by way of preface, has emerged to westward, in 'Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating that Prince Henri will not 'be able to attend to him just now. And in effect Prince Henri, in-'tent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna Country, takes position in the old 'Prussian ground there ("headquarter Gross Seidlitz," as in 1756); 'and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau Country to wait upon 'Dombâle; who does at least shoot-out Croat parties, "quite across 'Saxony, to Halle all the way," and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can 'do little real mischief.

'*August 19th*, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes 'forward,—nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till we 'see whitherward;—Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grüssau, till 'Ziethen see.[1] Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots-out Loudon, Brandenburg 'way, as if magnanimously intending "coöperation with the Russians;" 'which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without cost. 'Loudon does dispatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt' (Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin), 'who, I think, carry a Letter for Fermor there; but lose

* Plan, p. 78*a*.

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.

'it by the way,'—for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. 'Loudon 'captures a poor little place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into sur- 'render, after a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, "August 25th"): '—place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who go on '"free withdrawal," poor old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of 'salt-victual and military furnitures to Loudon.[2] Upon which Loudon 'whirls back out of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden-on by 'Ziethen,—who now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Mar- 'graf Karl' (properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real presi- 'dent or chief) 'That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip 'for some time past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I should guess, not 'above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do 'his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 'come upon Silesia and him,—as indeed they are already doing; al- 'ready blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so 'soon as possible.

'Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichsfolk and 'some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombâle more to westward, 'is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of what Prince Henri 'can do (Mayer and the Free Corps shiningly diligent, and Henri one 'of the watchfulest of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Maguire with 'Austrians upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of 'Pirna; *3d-5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought sooner than 'was counted on;[3] and roots himself there,—"headquarters in Strup- 'pen" again, "bridge at Ober-Raden" again, all as in 1756; which, 'if nothing else can well do it, may give his Highness a momentary 'interest with some readers here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, 'alive every fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward 'on his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear; with 'Dombâle already to rear, in the above circumstances, on his right; 'and Zweibrück himself lying here in front free to act, and impreg- 'nable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri to do? It is for Henri's 'rear, not his flank, that Daun aims: *August 26th*, Daun, who had 'got to Görlitz, a march or two from Zittau, started again at his best 'step by the Bautzen Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 'miles down the Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double- 'back upon Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself 'enclosed between *three* fires,—if two were not enough, or even if one '(the Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself, not to count the Dom- 'bâle), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

'A lost Prince Henri,—if there be not shift in him, if there be not 'help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew back 'from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; unmo- 'lested: in the morning, Zweibrück's hussars find him posted inex- 'pugnable on the Heights of Gahmig,—which is nearer Dresden a

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229-232, the 'Capitulation' *in extenso*.

[3] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 223-228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

'good step; nearer Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, 'without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri's manœuvring, in 'this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men: how he 'stuck by Gahmig; but threw-out, in the vital points, little camps,— '"camp of Kesselsdorf" (a place memorable), on the west of Dres- 'den; and on the east, in the north Suburb of Dresden itself, across 'the River (should we have to go across the River for Daun's sake), 'a "strong abatis;" and neglected nothing; self, and everybody under 'him, lively as eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in parti- 'cular distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have been 'a hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, there is help on the road.'

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; intrenches himself in Neighbourhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead-lock, for a Month; with Issue, a Flank-march on the Part of Friedrich's Army,—which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th —October 10th, 1758.)

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed,—which I find is 'nine miles a day;'[4] Bos being heavy of foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when—Here is news, my friends; King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say, of 'nineteen miles a day,' instead of nine:—Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, intrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand "Victory" of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden reëmergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago,—carried by Loudon's Hussars, or by whomsoever,—for certain, it was retorted, or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature:

[4] Tempelhof, ii. 261.

'A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands' (Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor), 'Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere,—' date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; 'Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter 'and Answer substantially to this effect:

'*Daun to Fermor*' (Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars).

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no "means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre about; "detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't "try fighting him.—DAUN."

'*Answer as from Fermor* (Zorndorf once done, Daun, by the 'first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed "Fermor," 'but evidently in a certain King's handwriting):

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning "Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting "him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate—FERMOR."[5]

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighbourhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gullets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst-out from Pirna by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as

[5] Müller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: *Lieutenant* Müller, this one; not *Professor* Müller *alias* Schottmüller by any means!

you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.[6] At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, "Impossible tomorrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!"—and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; intrenches himself to the teeth,—good rearguard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen;—and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfulest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within sword-stroke of each other,—the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length north-east side), all is deadlock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without;—and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,[7] and are carting the siege-stock to begin bombardment: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting,—he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.[8]

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for

[6] Tempelhof, ii. 262-265.

[7] Neisse 'blockaded more and more' since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

[8] Tempelhof, ii. 278.

Daun's breadbasket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine-days provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right-hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps-out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing,—except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;[9] cautiously, favoured by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz,—ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people;—and again sets to palisading and intrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new headquarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision-convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward,—Zittau-ward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the "Pass of Jenkowitz," short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighbourhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun,—stretching north and south, at right

[9] Tempelhof, ii. 279.

angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described;—and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. "Encamp here, then!" he says,—here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favourite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking-out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg tomorrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there,—indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favourite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Satur-

day 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

'Hochkirch (*High*kirk) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing 'pleasantly on its Hilltop, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or 'on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which 'gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village 'hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and colegarths, on the crown 'and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built 'mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time,—not of wood, as probably 'in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with 'pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay stripes (each villager has his 'stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The Church is near 'the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards 'the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, 'still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all 'sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of 'wood, or pasture; well-watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau 'Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

'The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to 'preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among 'the Hills to south,' well worth noting at present, 'is one called *Czarnabog*, or "Devil's Hill;" where the Wendish Devil and his Witches '(equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken 'of the Harz) hold their annual *Witches'-Sabbath*,—a thing not to be 'contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, 'and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of 'thicket and wild wood. Northward too from Hochkirch, and all 'about, I perceive the scene was woodier then than now;—and must 'have looked picturesque enough (had anybody been in quest of that), 'with the multifarious uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and 'wide among the leafy red-and-yellow of October 1758.'[10]

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy Czarnabog or Devil's Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's

[10] Tourist's Note, September 1858.

position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's:—irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets; and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and,—except those vedettes, and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown-out a little way ahead into the bushes, on that side,—Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward, or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own headquarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway,* should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to north-east, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's headquarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction south-east of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to south-east of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau

* Plan, p. 78*a*.

some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about halfway thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward of him; with elaborate intrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to south-east and to north-west of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique potence; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden-Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting-in the southern outposts or Devil's-Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two headquarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts,—divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water),—are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape,—seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond,—is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys: now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

What actually befell at Hochkirch (Saturday 14th October 1758).

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his,—had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be" (Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision-convoy cannot possibly be up); "Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!"[11] Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is,—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday,—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall-out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's,—and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well-executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday 14th October 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate themselves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

[11] Tempelhof, ii. 320.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner;—ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business,—there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere,—and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his Camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs,—one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. "You are dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the "highest gallows: Are not you? But put-in a Note of my "dictating, and your beggarly life is saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.[12] Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of

[12] Retzow, i. 347.

14th Oct. 1758.

Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even more trees than they are aware of,—thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there :—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau tomorrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt-of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike-up something it is little expecting!—

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to south-east of Hochkirch,—and along south-westward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry,—whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

That Daun, bursting-in with his chosen 30,000, will trample-down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers,

from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it, —human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was "massacred in his bed," as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms in his hand: but plenty of people perished, fierce of humour, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing-out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of Night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befell on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts not even abridged, here it is:

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread-out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, 'expecting the customary Pandourade,' and what form it would take this morning. "Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?" On a sudden, noise bursts-out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. 'Battalion Plothow had soon 'got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and 'left of the *flèche*, and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on 'account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off 'my cannons' (shall we say straight southward?) 'to learn whether 'there was anything in front of us. No answer: "Nothing there— 'Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our Free-corps 'people, after all!" But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; 'I turned my guns towards it' (southward, south-eastward, or perhaps a gun each way?)—'and here we had a salvo in response, from some 'battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The 'Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what 'I could,—and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them,

'when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness' for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place 'full of Austrian grenadiers, 'who had crept-in through our tents to rear; and that it had been a 'knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not 'a bullet,' that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground,—I suppose, by the embers of watchfires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut,—'an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses 'imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after got 'delivered by our cavalry again.'[13]

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself; is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet-charge;—upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting-in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard,—whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compulsed by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by 'six Austrian battalions,' by 'eight,' or by never so many. Stood at bay there; leveling whole masses of them,—till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!"—and did so, in an honourably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right

[13] Tempelhof, ii. 324 n.

wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;"—though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting-out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying-up from leftward, always charge-in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen-upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the mean while, do execution; breaking-in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gensdarmes dashing-up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side,—thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. "Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!" say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct,—hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling-out his watch in such a business!)—about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes 'Battalion Kannacker' and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, 'leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Bat-'tery.' Recaptures the big Battery. But is set-upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back;—is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been '*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps,' says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; 'asked twenty times, and twenty more, "Where are my Aide-de-camps!"'[14]—but could get no re-

[14] "Captens Cockcey and Goudy" he calls them—(*Cocceji* whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self),—who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: see *Tebay's Letter* to Mitchell, 'Crossen, October 29th' (in *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 501-505);—which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.

sponse or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short,—falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly 'rid for a coach;' found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!"—and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn-off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, 'riding within twenty yards of the Austrians,' so dark was it, he so near-sighted, got badly hit,—and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;[15] never fought again, 'died next year of cancer in the lip.' Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, 'successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch' (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Stein-

[15] In *Archenholtz* (i. 289-290) his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.

dörfel and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and south-west; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; dispatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen coöperating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls-up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that south-western part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but 'retire at full gallop,' on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also dispatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field;—longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz;—extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst-in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ah-

remberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous,—the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard,—horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg,—beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself,—hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner;—before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighbourhood (new headquarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to north-west. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing

minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn-out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa;—not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state,—and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.[16]

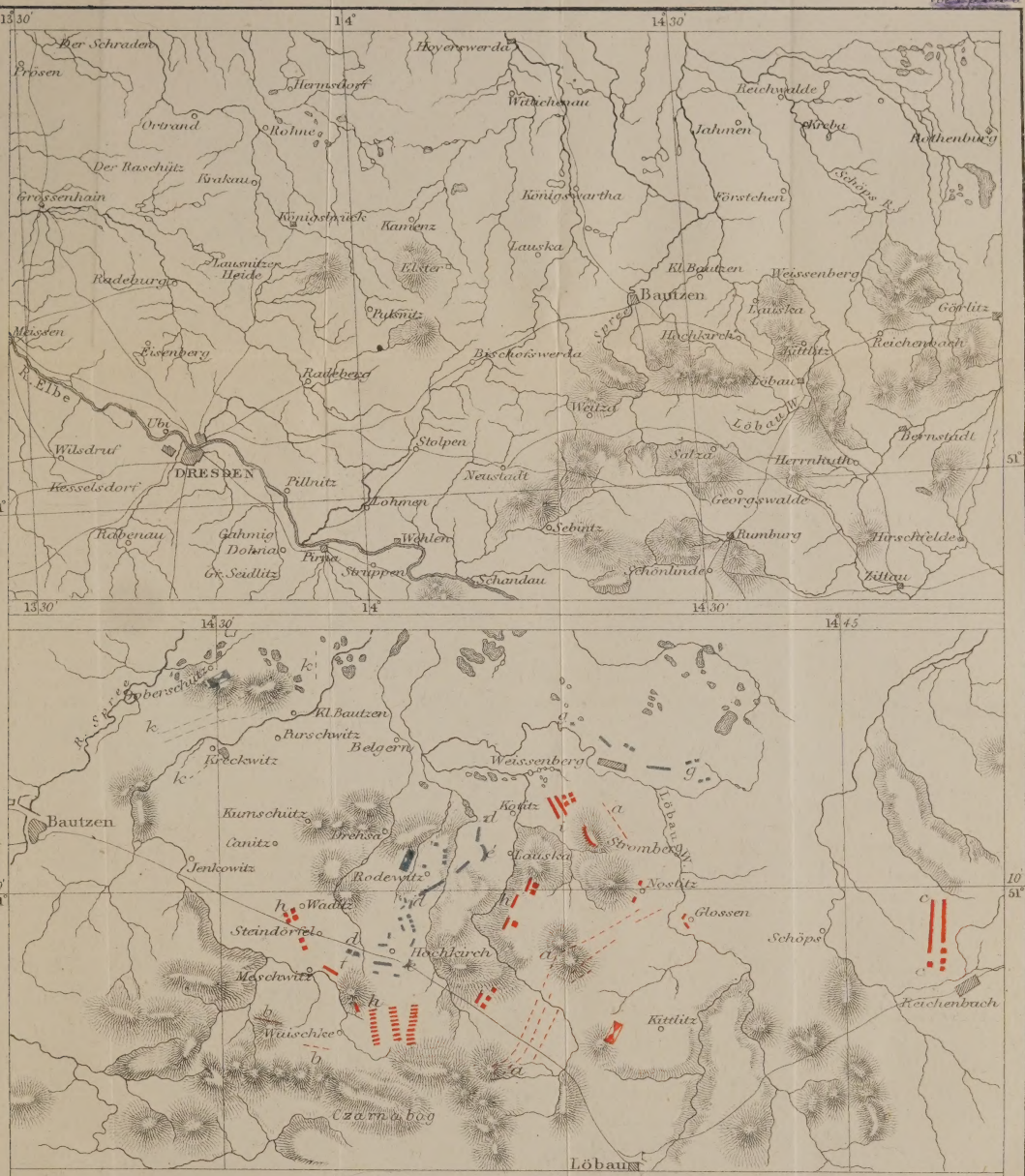
And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken,—not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded,—not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and 'at least 2,000' who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.[17]

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine:

> "*Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,*
> *Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,*
> *Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,*
> *Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.*
> *Je suis vaincu; Pompée a saisi l'avantage*
> *D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;*
> *Mes soldats presque nus, dans*"— * *

Not a little to De Catt's comfort.[18] During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide-de-camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, "Daun has played me a slippery trick to-

[16] Tempelhof, ii. 319-336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 432-453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241-257; Archenholtz, &c. &c.
[17] Tempelhof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.
[18] Rödenbeck, i. 354



BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

14TH OCTOBER, 1758.

a.a.a. First position of the Austrian Army.
b.b. Extreme left, under Loudon.
c.c. Austrian Reserve under Baden Durlach.
d.d.d. Prussian Army.
e.e. The two main Prussian Batteries.
f. Ziethen's Cavalry.
g.g. Prussian Vanguard under Retzow.
h.h.h. Advance of Austrian Army.
i. Right wing under D'Ahremberg.
k.k.k. Position taken by the Prussians after the Battle.

"day!" "I have seen it," answered Retzow; "but it is only "a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal "again."—"*Glaubt Er dies*, Do you think so?" "Not only I, "but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty."—"You are quite right," added the King, in a confidentially candid way: "We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the "number of brave men that have died this morning."[19] On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us "out of check-mate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest "ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and deliver "Neisse." The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this: "Where are all your guns, though?" said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. "*Ihro* "*Majestät*, the Devil stole them all, last night!"—"Hm, well, "we must have them back from him."[20]

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears;—though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: "My noble Wil- "helmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting "here!"[21] Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravenings:—of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business;—we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated; spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated;—did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song, in artillery and *vox humana*,—which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna

[19] Retzow, i. 359 n. [20] Archenholtz, i. 299.

[21] On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, 'Doberschütz, 18th October 1758,' is this sudden bit of Autograph: "*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith!*"—(Schöning, *Der siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz &c. aus den Staats-Archiven:* Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.)

and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him "a Consecrated Hat and Sword,"—such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen,—(much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich[22]): 'the effect of 'which miraculous furnishings,' says Tempelhof, 'turned out 'to be that the Feldmarschall never gained any success more;' —in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stept-out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighbourhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy,—but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing! —We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world:

'Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plundering 'of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General 'into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognising him there,— 'like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, 'as in star-light, piercing and sad, from twenty-years distance,—is well 'known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday October 15th, Keith had 'honourable soldier's-burial there,—"twelve cannon" salvoing thrice, 'and "the whole Corps of Colloredo" with their muskets thrice; Lacy 'as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal 'order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in 'a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the re- 'grets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche:—far from bonnie 'Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing 'vague requiem to his honourable line and him, in the imaginations of 'some few. "My Brother leaves me a noble legacy," said the old 'Lord Marischal: "last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his "personal estate is 70 ducats" (about 25*l.*).[23]

'In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as for- 'merly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn 'of black marble on a Pedestal of gray,—and, in gold letters, an 'Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: * * "DUM IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM "MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT

[22] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, &c. &c.: in *Preuss*, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

[23] Varnhagen, p. 261.

22d Oct.-9th Nov. 1758.

"HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV. OCTOBRIS" These words go 'through you like the clang of steel.[24] Friedrich's sorrow over him '("tears," high eulogies, "*loua extrêmement*") is itself a monument. 'Twenty years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. 'One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Win-'terfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?),[25]—which still stand 'in the Wilhelm Platz there.

'Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious airy 'Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light 'and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them 'Wends. "Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, in cut-'ting the new foundations." The strong outer Door of the old Church, 'red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows 'perhaps half-a-dozen rough big quasi-*keyholes*, torn through it in dif-'ferent parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. 'The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, is on the flagged floor, 'left side of the pulpit, close by the wall,—"the bench where Keith's "body lay has had to be cased in new plank" (zinc would be better) "against the knives of tourists."'

Old Lord Marischal,—George, "*Maréchal d'Ecosse*" as he always signs himself,—was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754-1763). In "James," the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gaiety, and 'pleasant wit,' in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October—20th November 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so

[24] In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters*, those of his;—edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

[25] Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith's no date.

weary of marchings, manœuvrings, surprisals, campings and details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich stayed ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse,—led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill-off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly:

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's Astonishment.

Sunday Evening October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quits Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from headquarters) the Convoy turns northwards for Hoyerswerda,—(to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; "shied off," says Tebay, "for twelve hussars!"[26])—and, I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next night, at 10 o'clock, Monday 23d, in the softest manner, pushes-off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him

[26] Second *Letter* from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi supra*.

go, if he fancy that a road *to* Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?"—and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.[27]

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds north-eastward; crosses Spree still northward or north-eastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead;—and has struck straight *south*-eastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping-in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring;—and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from* Görlitz, *October* 30*th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire,—"Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, 'split into two routes,' and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused, though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die;—and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.[28]

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st,—which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march,—General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards,—pickings to be had of them by Treskow,—and Neisse Siege a thing finished.[29] It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about

[27] Tempelhof, ii. 341-347. [28] Retzow, i. 372.

[29] *Tagebuch*, &c. ('Diary of the Siege of Neisse,' 4th August,—26th October,—6th November 1758, '1 A.M. suddenly'), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468-472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago,—so difficult the getting-up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's, were great,—had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th-16th November).

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better dispatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself, —were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on dispatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. *November 7th*, Daun was in the neighbourhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push-out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the north-west, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the north-western towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free-withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do—!" —At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous-looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000

9th Nov. 1758.

of the 'Austrian-auxiliary' sort: to whom the old Commandant,—judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near,—rushed out with '300 men and one big gun;' and made such a firing and gesticulation as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed elsewhither.[30] The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th-9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free-corps to resist,—who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me,"—and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilised humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumour is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Brühl" (nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!) "has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's,"—very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th*, Daun does come-on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, 'about midnight,' Mayer, who 'can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries' withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, 'at 3 A.M.' (three-hours notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting-out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze" (about a sixth part of it actually so), "nay you would have said the whole Town was envi-"roned in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not "describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of "this night; wretched inhabitants running with their furniture" (what of it they had got flung-out, between 12 o'clock and 3) "towards "the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins "and smoke." Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna

[30] Tempelhof, &c.; 'Letter from a Prussian Officer,' in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.

Suburb, as was never seen before.[31] This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day,—'for a certain weighty reason,' as the Austrian Gazettes express it,—he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that,—means "to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honour;" declares, he "will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace." Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal;—and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. 'Reason weighty' enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb,—going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! "Neisse and Dresden both!" we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: "Neisse *or* Dresden" seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner;—leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength;—both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is

[31] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295-302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); ib. 303-33, the certified details of the damage done: '280 houses lost;' '4 human lives.'

not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much);—and is not "annihilated" in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich's marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: "But if the King of Prussia were to "burst-in upon us there?" "The King of Prussia is a great "soldier," answered M. de Belleisle; "but his Army is not a "shuttle (*navette*),"—to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To 'come upon us *en navette*,' suddenly 'like a shuttle' from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.[32]

'The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758,' says a Note, which I would fain abridge, 'is more palpably victorious than Friedrich's, 'much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its 'rubs. Loss of honour at Crefeld; loss of Louisburg and Cod-fishery: 'these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper 'the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderago, by Abercromby, 'on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Plati-'tude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least 'reconnoitering of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and field-'works; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought '5,000 miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on the 'instant, and quit Ticonderago, like a—surely like a very tragic Digni-'tary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least to be 'laid on the shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter 'for the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much 'to speak of: "Great Guns got at Cherbourg," these truly, as exhibited 'in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the simpler 'sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of poor old 'General Bligh and Company, there had been a Platitude equal or 'superior to that of Abercromby, though not so tragical in loss of men. '"What of that?" said an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, 'and joyfully illuminating.—Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country, '"*Letter* of an Officer" (distilled essence of Two Letters), "dated, *Fort-'Duquesne, 28th November* 1758:

"Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore scram-"bling through the Wildernesses, and contending with enemies wild

[32] Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, *sæpius*, for the phrase '*en navette*.'

" and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of Fort Duquesne" ' (*Pittsburg* henceforth): "Friday 24th, the French garrison, on our " appearance, made-off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio, " and vanished out of those Countries,"—forever and a day, we will ' hope. "Their Louisiana-Canada communication is lost; and all that " prodigious tract of rich country,"—which Mr. Washington fixed upon ' long ago, is ours again, if we can turn it to use. "This day a de- " tachment of us goes to Braddock's field of battle" (poor Braddock!), " to bury the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom " the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame " and infamy, have left lying above ground ever since. As indeed they " have done with all those slain round the Fort in late weeks;"—call- ' ing themselves a civilised Nation too!'[33]

Lower Rhine, July—November 1758. 'Ferdinand's manœuvres, ' after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: ' but, without Wesel, and *versus* a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a ' Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belle- ' isle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people ' drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manœuvred rather ' well. Finally, Soubise' (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise,—' pushing-out, at Belleisle's bidding, to- ' wards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops,—became ' dangerous to Ferdinand. "Making for Hanover?" thought Ferdin- ' and: "Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are ' just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and the small ' Party left there?" Ferdinand found he would have to return, and ' look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), by his old ' Bridge at Rees,—which he found safe, in spite of attempts there had ' been;[34]—and never recrossed during this War. Judges even say his ' first crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and though so ' delightful to the public, was his questionablest step.

' On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Ferdinand ' joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great joy and ' his;[35] 10 or 12,000 as a first instalment:—Grand-looking fellows, ' said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such splendour ' of equipment, regardless of expense? Not to mention those *Berg-* ' *schotten* (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, ' and exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German mind.[36]

[33] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).

[34] 'Fight of Meer' (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000;—both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favoured by the ground: '5th August 1758'): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

[35] Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden *Letter* to Pitt, 'Koesfeld, August 15th:' 'Nothing but rains and uncertainties;' 'marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;' have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to south-east of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

[36] Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the

20th Nov. 1758.

'Out of all whom (*Bergschotten* included), Ferdinand, by management, '—and management was needed,—got a great deal of first-rate fighting, 'in the next Four Years.

'Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; 'though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince 'von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that 'service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; 'and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows,[37]— 'one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detach- 'ment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was! '"Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise," 'says Voltaire,[38] "and nobody said a word about these two Victories 'of his, next Year!" For which there might be two reasons: one, 'according to Tempelhof, that "the Victories were of the so-so kind '(*sie waren auch darnach*);" and another, that they were ascribed to 'Broglio, on both occasions,—how justly, nobody will now argue!

'Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the 'main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvring about; intent to 'have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Countries. 'On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, 'Now would be the chance. And did try hard, but without effect. 'Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not 'likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st-30th), '"made a masterly movement"—that is to say, cut Contades and his 'Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the 'weaker of them liable to ruin,—unless Contades, the stronger, would 'give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was 'cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be over- 'cautious,—nicknamed "*L'Apothécaire*" by the Parisians, from his 'down looks,—but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he 'haggled about, a short while,—not a long, in these dangerous circum- 'stances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way 'he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering 'on his own side of the Rhine.'

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the

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Robert Keiths above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholtz*, i. 351-353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the 'uniforms with gold and silver lace,' of the superb horses, 'one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all' &c.

[37] 1°. 'Fight of Sandershausen' (Broglio, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; *versus* Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw *till* beaten: '23d July 1758,' *before* Ferdinand had come across again). 2°. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; *versus* Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung-back till Soubise was all gathered, and *then* &c., still more stupidly: '10th October 1758'). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholtz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighbourhood of Cassel;—as many of those Ferdinand fights were.

[38] *Histoire de Louis XV.*

East,—where General Lally (that fiery O'Mul*lally*, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with "full-powers," as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighbourhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner:—Of all this we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow, except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.[39] One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins's-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled!—

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gaieties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season:

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel).

'Dresden, 23d November 1758.

'There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to mingle and 'blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a 'fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

'Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, on one 'side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, the 'misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of 'some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourish-'ing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits 'of the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, who sacri-'fice everything to their unbridled passions! I wish you, *mon cher 'Mylord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny; and 'everything that is wanting to it.' 'Your old friend, till death.'—F.[40]

[39] Retzow, ii. 5. [40] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 273.

BOOK XIX.

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.

1759—1760.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter,—Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest,—is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited-on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts:—the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine,—and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the '*Cordon* of Posts' or winter-quarters this Year. 'From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the 'Ocean;—to the mouth of Rhine,' may we not say; 'and back 'again to the Swiss Alps or springs of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine 'Country being all either French or Austrian, and a basis for 'Soubise?'[1] Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-

[1] Archenholtz, i. 306.

Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

'This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-quarters,' says Archenholtz, 'as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before.' Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in them,[2] a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes,—of which he keeps-up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has,—that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made,—one in the end of this Year 1759;—but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pom-

[2] Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: *Lobositz* (1756); *Prag*, *Kolin*, Hastenbeck, Gross-Jägersdorf, *Rossbach*, Breslau, *Leuthen* (1757); *Crefeld*, *Zorndorf*, *Hochkirch* (1758): 'eleven hitherto in all.'

Jan.-April 1759.

padour is shocked at the favourite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!")—and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;[3] who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse-holder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year,—Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point;—and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour's humour in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him:

[3] Minister of Foreign Affairs, '11th November 1758' (Barbier, iv. 294).

but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time; he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality;—though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But 'it is observable,' says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, 'that while 'the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers 'at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in 'population, always improves in that particular, and its best 'troops appear in the last campaigns.' In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either,—what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, "is greater than ever," in these four Years now coming.[4] And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place,—though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations,—especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements

[4] Berenhorst, in *Kriegskunst;* Retzow; &c.

and manœuvrings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fireflood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed—! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gaieties. A Friedrich given-up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. 'I have passed my winter like a Carthusian 'monk,' he writes to D'Argens: 'I dine alone; I spend my 'life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is 'sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief 'continually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than 'to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but 'the vigorous application required in steady and continuous 'labour. This distraction does force one to put away painful 'ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done, 'than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if 'livelier than ever. Maupertuis was right: the sum of evil 'does certainly surpass that of good:—but to me it is all one; 'I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining 'days, what matters it much of what complexion they be?'[5]

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:[6] alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such.

[5] 'Breslau, 1st March 1759,' To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

[6] *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79-86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more,—followed by the *Ode* just cited (Ib. lxxii. 402; lxxviii. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20-24; &c.).

All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he 'expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him;' and 'is, with his utmost effort, getting-up 150,000 to set against them.' Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment;* handed to Reader De Catt, one evening:—to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way![7] Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*,[8]—properly it might be called, 'Serious very Private Thoughts,' thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, 'On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those 'Austrians and their Allies,' who are in such overwhelming strength. 'To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want 'of concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor of 'execution, and other enormous faults, we have owed, with 'some excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction 'hitherto,'—but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some Newyear's Gift, as usual,—the "Widow's Mite" (300*l.*, we find); "receive "it with the same heart with which it was set apart for you; a "small help, which you may well have need of, in these ca- "lamitous times."[9] Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions;—seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1-10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; &c. &c.).

[8] *Réflexions sur la Tactique:* in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 153-166.

[9] 'Breslau, 23d December 1758;' with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114-117.

differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling-over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet,—though England is busy at it,—been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words:

'Such modicum of Subsidy' (he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758), 'how useful will it prove in a Country bred 'everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as 'sin, and which will lay-out no penny except to purpose! I 'guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the 'ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the 'melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm 'balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone 'into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we know they all 'went; as they well might. To me nothing is so wonderful 'as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day it will be 'carefully investigated, elucidated and made conceivable and 'certain to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the 'case. We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were 'it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work 'done on that: human nature, especially British human nature, 'refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, 'was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but 'those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink 'him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is 'very behoveful in these Californian times!'—

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Million Sterling annually ('25 million *thalers*'=3,150,000*l.*, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough; —mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here

are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder :[10]

'The Hoarded Prussian Moneys, or "*Treasures*"' (two of them, *Kleine Schatz, Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War), 'being nearly run-out, there had come the Eng-'lish Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues and remnants 'of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to 'Saxony, the English Subsidy (670,000*l.* due the second time this year) 'was always Friedrich's principal resource: and in the latter years of 'the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his 'Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, 'could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is 'gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quan-'tity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two:

'*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from 'those that have deserved ill of you,—such of them as you can come 'at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, 'provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall 'principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu 'of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, 'Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*), and Anhalt; from these three there is a con-'tinual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to 'Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them,—'which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year 'to the nearly intolerable pitch,—quite in the simple ratio of their de-'merits; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and 'of his wants.

'Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid-hold 'of, collared tightly: "Pay the shot, then, what you can" (in the end 'it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the 'grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations 'now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than 'his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite 'and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German 'Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of 'the Reich,—he; and his poor People know since whether that was a 'wise step! The little Anhalt Princes, too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, 'Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst' (perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake), 'had voted, or at least had ambigu-'ously half-voted, in favour of the Ban, and done other unfriendly 'things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor 'souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four;—and they only 'half gave it, tremulously pulling it back again. I should guess it 'was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a 'sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him,—with a spurn which 'he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were

[10] Preuss, ii. 388-392; Stenzel, v. 137-141.

'once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned 'to have used him scandalously ill.

'This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts,—which they sub-'mit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship,—is, 'in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about 50,000*l.*); recruits, '2,200; horses, 1800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict con-'fiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted 'heavy "Contributions," more and more heavy, from the few opulent 'Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung-out, latterly, under 'great severities,—"chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, 'kept on bread-and-water till they yielded,"—*as* great severities as 'would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate 'chief merchants of Leipzig,—with Brühl and Polish Majesty little 'likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An in-'telligent Saxon, who is vouched-for as impartial, bears witness as 'follows: "And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of "the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from "them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden "of the Prussians than such help as these our pretended Deliverers "bring."[11] Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back 'broken, and could never look-up in the world since. Resource *First* 'was abundantly severe.

'Resource *Second* is strangest of all;—and has given rise to criticism 'enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your 'gold and silver coin with copper,—this, one grieves to say, is the 'Second and extreme resource. "A rude method,—would we had a 'better,—of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes in-'stead!" thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from 'his Saxon' (which are his for the present), 'and from the little An-'halt-Bernburg Mint' (of which he expressly purchased the sad privi-lege,—for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being), 'Friedrich poured-out over all 'Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, 'so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of 'supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in 'War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more 'and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, 'whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time;—through Ephraim and 'two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these 'shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; 'shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the 'Sums specified: "Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching 'you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien" (with a young Herr 'Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing): "Go, 'ye unlovely!" And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal 'of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the

[11] Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not), v. 137 n.

'hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none 'of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, 'how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *un*kingly it was,—'though a practice not unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before 'his time, and since down almost to ours.[12] In fact, these are all un-'kingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud 'Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

'The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths 'of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third,'—your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28*s.* 6*d.* 'But yearly it grew 'worse; and in 1762' (English Subsidy having failed) 'matters had 'got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. 'Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea 'under earthquakes; but there was always ready-money among Fried-'rich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or 'retail purchasers, suffer by it. "Hah, an Ephraimite!" they would 'say, grinning not ill-humouredly, at sight of one of these pieces; 'some of which they had more specifically named "*Blue-gowns*"' (owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least 'boiling in some solution' of it); 'these they would 'salute with this rhyme, then current:

'*Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm;*	Outside noble, inside slim:
'*Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Eph-raim.*	Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.

'By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped 'together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as 'the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, 'I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Offi-'cials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the colour 'even of bad coin; but is paid only in "Paper Assignments," in Pro-'mises to Pay "after the Peace." These Paper Documents made no 'pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, 'or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did 'arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate 'their debentures on ruinous terms,—sometimes at an expense of three-'fourths.—I will add Friedrich's practical Schedule of Amounts from 'all these various Sources; and what Friedrich's own view of the 'Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

'*Schedule of Amounts*' (say for 1761). 'To make-up the Twenty-'five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are:

	Thalers.
'From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as 'they have been, ...	4 millions only.
'From Saxony and the other Wringings, . .	7 millions.
'English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoppered 'into double), ...	8 ,,
'From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (*Münz-'Patent*), ...	7 ,,

[12] In *Stenzel* (v. 141) enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.

'In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin,—'and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.[13]

'Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History 'of the Seven-Years War*' (at 'Berlin, 17th December 1763'), 'is in 'these words: "May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look down "on the paltry concerns of men,—that the unalterable and flourishing "destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it "from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these "times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again be forced "to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (*l'on*) have been "obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious "hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the "House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever "bore the Prussian name!"[14]

Of the Small-War in Spring 1759. *There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon* (February — April); *and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen* (April 13th).

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes-out from him on every side: endeavouring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual,—chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri,—in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people coöperated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognisable as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell-out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Fried-

[13] Preuss, ii. 388. [14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 234.

rich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management;—intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault, or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns-out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichstadt, finds itself suddenly become French. 'Prince de Soubise lies between 'Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and convenient,— 'though ill-off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, 'on his right; how handy would that be, were not Reichs Law so ex- 'press! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of 'Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or '10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

'On the Eve of Newyear's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, 'Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a regi- 'ment of his to march through that Imperial City. To which, by law 'and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but practically 'cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, though most 'Frankfurters wish it could. "Yes," answer the Frankfurt Magnates; 'Yes, surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday January 2d, 'about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt, regiment 'Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsenhausen Gate, Townguard 'people all ready to receive it and escort it through; and is admitted 'as usual. Quite as usual: but instead of being escorted through, it 'orders, in calm peremptory voice, the Townguard, To ground arms; 'with calm rapidity proceeds to admit ten other regiments or battalions, 'six of them German; seizes the artillery on the Walls, seizes all the 'other Gates:—and poor Frankfurt finds itself tied hand and foot, al-

16th Feb.-2d March 1759.

'most before it is out of bed! Done with great exactitude, with the 'minimum of confusion, and without a hurt skin to anybody. The 'Inhabitants stood silent, gazing; the Townguard laid down their arms, 'and went home. Totally against law; but cleverly done; perhaps 'Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real success 'the French have yet had.

'Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: "Law of Ne- 'cessity alone, most honoured Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against me. 'But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, in this 'Imperial Free-Town, be sacred to us. Defence against any aggres- 'sion; and the strictest discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid 'you!"—And kept his word to an honourable degree, they say; or 'in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow. 'Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's affability 'was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a sublime character; the 'Magistrates all appearing there, in their square perukes and long 'gowns, with a mournful joy.'[15]

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses,—Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer!—and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for coöperation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion. —A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentleman who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs,—as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February — 2d March. 'About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, certain 'Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be cutting-down 'endless timber, "18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 feet," and other 'huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha's woods; evidently 'meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri 'detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contri- 'buting 4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after 'some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the Austrians 'and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them quite torn-out 'by the end of the month; and had planned to "attack them on two 'sides at once" (March 2d), with a view of swallowing them whole,—

[15] Tempelhof, iii. 7-8; Stænzel, v. 198-200.

'when they (these Reichs Volscians, in such a state of flutter) privately 'hastened off, one and all of them, the day before.'[16]

This was *Breakage First* of the grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's,—who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March—8th April. 'About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made 'some attempt to come back into those Countries; but again got no-'thing but hard knocks; and gave-up the Erfurt project. For, close 'following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still deeper and rougher 'Breakage, in those same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick 'dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own' (of which presently), 'with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into 'the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and 'returning with "above 2,000 prisoners" in hand; especially with a 'Reich well frightened behind him;—still in time for Duke Ferdi-'nand's Adventure' (in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear). 'Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who "made dan-'gerous demonstrations in the distance," and was extremely diligent,— 'though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's this time.'[17]—Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same;—too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February 24th—March 4th. 'In the 'end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached 'from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian 'provision operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain 'high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all 'diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; 'and indeed has formally "declared War against the King of Prussia;" 'having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his 'own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are 'dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last 'Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikoff himself among 'them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin Garrison: "I am sorry I have 'no Siberia for you," said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on 'the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; "go to Cüstrin, and see 'what you have provided for yourselves!" Which they had to do; 'nothing, for certain days, but cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, 'deaf to remonstrance. Which possibly may have contributed to kindle 'Sulkowski into these extremely high proceedings.

'At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks-in upon him: seizes 'his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, his 'high person itself; and in one luckless hour snuffs him out from the

[16] Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.
[17] Tempelhof, iii. 19-22.

13th April 1759.

'list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, were 'all compelled, "by the cudgel," say my authorities, to take Prussian 'service' (in garrison-regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose); 'his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left to its 'reflections. Sat thus "till the War ended," say some; certainly till 'the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by the laughter 'of mankind.' Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:

'End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of about '8,000 horse and foot. Marches, *24th February*, over Oder Bridge, 'straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighbourhood of Lissa 'and Reisen (Sulkowski's dominion), about thirty miles north-east of 'Glogau. Sulkowski done next day;—part of the capture is "fifteen 'small guns." Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, *28th Fe-'bruary;* destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. Shoots-out other 'detachments on the Magazine Enterprise;—detaches Platen along the 'Warta, where are picked-up various items, among others "eighty 'tuns of brandy,"—but himself proceeds no farther than Posen. *March '4th*, sets-out again from Posen, homewards."[18] We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so-called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: "Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege." "Truly!" answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavoured to be loud about "Invasion" and the like):—and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway; a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbours, especially of Russian Neighbours; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing anything at all.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. 'Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt 'was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and 'attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris,— 'no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, 'grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously at-'tacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, 'Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of 'them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few 'attendants' (a drive of about 200 miles);—having left Lord George 'Sackville' (mark the sad name of him!) '—Sackville, head of the 'English, and General Spörken, a Hanoverian,—to take charge in 'Münster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he

[18] *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 526-529. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 829.

'shot-out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately 'spoke of, under the head of "*Breakage Second*,"—namely, to clear 'his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be 'marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the dis- 'tance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection, — and was 'back (*April 8th*) in excellent time for the Battle.

'Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and 'getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles with- 'out accident or loss of time;—of course, scaring home the Broglio 'Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a 'high degree;—and arrives, Thursday April 12th, at Windecken, a 'Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; where he passes 'the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is 'all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary 'Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, 'and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Fer- 'dinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen miles from 'Frankfurt; Bergen about six:—idle Tourists of our time, on their 'return from Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. 'The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's 'position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines and advantages, is 'the choicest of the region; and Broglio's methods, procedures and 'arrangements in it are applauded by all judges.

'*Friday 13th April* 1759, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; comes 'on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, reconnoitering;— 'in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight upon the key- 'point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and musketries awaken 'there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von 'Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is 'hot and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden-hedges, 'orchards and impediments are many, and Broglio, with much cannon 'helping, makes vigorous defence. These Ysenburgers fought till their 'cartridges were nearly spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but 'could not take Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in 'aid of them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity re- 'kindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was himself taken 'in flank by Broglio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of 'Bergen by that method.

'Military critics say coolly, "You should have smashed it well with 'cannon, first" (which Ferdinand had not in stock here); "and espe- 'cially have flung grenadoes into it, till it was well in flame: impos- 'sible otherwise!"[19] The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince with- 'draw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the one or 'two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got cut-up. 'Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly forbidden all such 'attempts: "On no temptation quit your ground!"

[19] Mauvillon, ii. 19.

13th April 1759.

'The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still in 'sight; motioning much, to tempt French valour into chasing of him. 'But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, remon- 'strating, was peremptory not to stir. Whereupon, towards evening, 'across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some hope of draw- 'ing him out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglio's 'wing, or wings;—and this also failing, had to give-up the affair. He 'continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew to Windecken: 'and about two next morning, marched for home,—still with little or 'no pursuit: but without hope of Frankfurt henceforth. And, in fact, 'has a painful Summer ahead.

'Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; 'the French counted their loss at about 1,900.[20] The joy of France 'over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made Prince 'of the Reich, Maréchal de France; would have been raised to the 'stars, had one been able,—for the time being. "And your im- 'mense victory," so sneered the bystanders, "consists in not being 'beaten, under those excellent conditions;—perhaps victory is a rarity 'just now!"'

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frank- furt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions; till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity, into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping down stairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: "Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty's arms." "Not a whit (*Keine- swegs*)," answered Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: "on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go too!" Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.[21]

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (*April 14th-20th*). 'Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, when Prince Henri 'poured across the Mountains,—in two columns, Hülsen leading the 'inferior or rightmost one,—into Leitmeritz-Eger Country; and made 'a most successful business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. 'Magazines all filled; Enemy all galloping for Prag:—Daun himself 'who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month 'past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days! Speedy Henri '(almost on the one condition of *being* speedy) had his own will of 'the Magazines: burnt, Hülsen and he, "about 600,000*l.* worth" of 'Austrian provender in those parts, "what would have kept 50,000 'men five months in bread" (not to mention hay at all); gave the 'Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, *not* yet got on gallop for

[20] Mauvillon, ii. 10-19; Tempelhof, iii. 26-31.

[21] Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahr- heit*, i.) 153-157.

'Prag); burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe:—forced him to begin anew 'at the beginning; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard 'certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched 'for home April 20th; and was all across the Mountains April 23d: 'a profitable swift nine days.'[22]—And on the sixth day hence he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

Breakage Fourth: Into Mähren (*April 16th-21st*). 'This is Fou- 'quet's attempt, alluded to above; of which,—as every reader must 'be satisfied with Small-War,—we will give only the dates. Fouquet, 'ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break-through into 'Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found the Magazines 'either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had;—could 'do nothing on the Magazines; and returned without result; home at 'Leobschütz again on the fifth day.'[23] This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighbourhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth: Into Franken (*May 5th—June 1st*). 'This was 'Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg-Nürnberg Countries; a much 'sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most famous, and,' luckily for us, 'the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. 'Started,—from Tschopau region, Bamberg way,—April 29th-May '5th. In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and foremost (Finck had 'marched April 29th, pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom 'Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. Who has an eye to 'the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, as usual;—nay, an eye to 'their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a fight with their miscellaneous 'Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. "You will have to 'leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs 'people first!" urged the King; "well beaten, they will not trouble 'Saxony for a while." If they will stand fight? But they would not 'at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Maga- 'zines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither,— 'gravitating all upon Nürnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they 'have in that neighbourhood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with 'them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all march- 'ing, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of 'vigour, but always with Nürnberg Camp in rear. There was swift 'marching, really beautiful manœuvring here and there; sharp bits of 'fighting, too, almost in the battle-form:—Maguire tried, or was for 'trying, a stroke with Finck; but made-off hastily, glad to get away.[24] 'May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had 'fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war.' Much of this manœuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: "marched

[22] Tempelhof, iii. 47-53; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963-966.
[23] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958-963; Tempelhof, iii. 44-47.
[24] Tempelhof, iii. 64.

through Baireuth," say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth:—No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the Widower Margraf, is for marrying again:[25]—march on, Prince Henri!

'In Bamberg,' says a Note from Archenholtz, 'the Reichs troops 'burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left 'some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and 'his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned Bamberg, which 'agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found 'the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; 'which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond paral-'lel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabit-'ant was to be seen: a City dead,—and given-up to the demons, in 'this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely tram-'pled-out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; was 'charged to pay ransom of 40,000*l.*;—"cannot possibly!"—did pay 'some 14,000*l.*, and gave bills for the remainder.'[26] Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: "Don't pay them!" A thing not forgotten by Friedrich;—though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. 'The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: 'June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German 'world all ringing loud,—in jubilation, counter-jubilation and a great 'variety of tones,—with the noise of what he had done. A sharp 'swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs Volscians in 'their Corioli to an unexpected degree.'[27]

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free-Corps *Wunsch*) distinguished himself in this Expedition; the beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this War!—Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business:—fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it were. A Note says: 'Poor Mayer 'of the Free-Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. 'Mayer, dangerously worn-down with the hard services of last Year,

[25] Married 20th September 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years. [26] Archenholtz, i. 371-3.

[27] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537-563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr* 1759; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033-1039; Tempelhof, iii. 58 et seq.

'and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever in the New-'year time; and died within few days: burnt away before his time; 'much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some few others. 'Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on him at the long 'last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, 'really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; 'and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tra-'gedy, in the wild Life of him.[28] A man of considerable genius, 'military and other:—genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the 'best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich in-'vites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt 'a sensible help to him.'—But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive!—Fouquet's Sequel, hinted-at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing-stroke might be done on this Deville;—and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged-off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut-off his rearguard of Croats. Poor forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof remarks.[29] Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg

[28] Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend), *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759-1764, 9 voll.), iii. 142-188;—much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

[29] Tempelhof, iii. 56.

stood the Battalion Düringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name,—grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side,—marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25-26th) by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work,—contrived to envelope wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since,—in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut,—which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory-point at present,—he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, 'March 24th' (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia:—"There goes he, at last!" thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it);—and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. "Above four-millions worth" (600,000*l.*, counting the *thalers* into sterling), "above four-millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well; the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks:—but it is not Prag!" thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: "Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one's Cunctatorship in that case!" Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator:—and Daun's fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he 'wasted above five weeks in corresponding 'with the Russian Generals.' In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up;—and also (*in*articulately and by command of Na-

ture) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun's best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier,—Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lausitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen: —still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Düringshofen, —if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes,—Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut—But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two—But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. 'Reich-Hennersdorf' is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; 'Liebau' still farther down,—and its 'Gallows,' doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. "My congratulations on the

"excellent success you have had" (out in Frankenland yonder)! "Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the desertion "and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed to be enor- "mous:—I give those Reichs fellows two good months" (scarcely took so long) "to be in a condition to show face "again. As for ourselves, I can send you nothing but con- "temptibilities. We have never yet had the beatific vision "of Him with the Hat and Consecrated Sword" (Papal Daun, that is); "they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead;— "who, three days ago" (7th July, two days) "did us the honour "of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. He was conducted "out again, with all the politeness imaginable, on to near "Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we "flung a score of cannon volleys into the"—into the "*der- "rière* of him, and everybody returned home."[30]

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. 'A very great in- 'vention,' says the military mind: 'guns and carriages are 'light, and made of the best material for strength; the gun- 'ners all mounted as postillions to them. Can scour along, 'over hill and dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on 'the sudden, where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised 'in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders; tried first 'in the King's raid down to Trautenau' (June 29th-30th). 'Only four pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were 'yearly more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by 'all the world.'[31]

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. 'Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, age

[30] In *Schöning*, ii. 65: '9th June 1759.'

[31] Seyfarth, ii. 543.

'now thirty-four; a solid staid man, with a good deal of hard faculty 'in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, sagacious, 'learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the course of a year's 'experience, has grown to see willingly about him. There is some-'thing of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, *gritty*, which 'might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the rugged 'sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain interesting heads; 'and the precision with which the known and the not rightly known 'are divided from one another, in Guichard.

'Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not 'worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk 'they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut 'here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of 'the Ancients, Guichard's Book naturally leading to that subject. One 'night, dateable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened 'to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain Centurion of 'the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him 'in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order' (*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen), 'thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and 'ruining their manœuvre and them. "A dexterous man, that Quintus 'Icilius the Centurion!" observed Friedrich. "Ah, yes: but excuse 'me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cæcilius," said Guichard. '"No, it was Icilius," said the King, positive to his opinion on that 'small point; which Guichard had not the art to let drop; though, 'except assertion and counter-assertion, what could be made of it there? 'Or of what use was it anywhere?

'Next day, Guichard came with the Book' (what "Book" nobody would ever yet tell me), 'and putting his finger on the passage, "See, 'your Majesty: Quintus *Cæcilius*!" extinguished his royal opponent. '"Hm," answered Friedrich: "so?—Well, you shall be Quintus 'Icilius, at any rate!" And straightway had him entered on the Army 'Books as "Major Quintus Icilius:" his Majorship is to be dated '"10th April 1758" (to give him seniority); and from and after this '"26th May 1759" he is to command the late Du Verger's Free-Bat-'talion. All which was done;—the War-Offices somewhat astonished 'at such advent of an antique Roman among them; but writing as 'bidden, the hand being plain, and the man an undeniable article. 'Onward from which time there is always a "Battalion Quintus" on 'their Books, instead of Battalion Du Verger; by degrees two Bat-'talions Quintus, and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel: '—at which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions 'Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged.' This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself,—though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often

came to see him at Berlin, does not, with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to *invert* my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.[32]

'Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at 'various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as 'candidate for license,—I hope with moderate orthodoxy;—though he 'soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous 'general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He 'was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stattholder,' Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, 'who had his eye upon 'him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at 'Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there,—whither the 'Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. 'The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such 'an alias, hastened to set-off in the Prince's train; but could get no 'conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did 'not arrive till next day,—and found quarter, with difficulty, in the 'garret of some overflowing Inn.

'In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, 'heard a specific *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it was. "A 'company of Professors, handselling a newly-appointed Professor;"—'appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quin-'tus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the 'Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, 'in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Profes-'sorships, and become a soldier. "If your Serene Highness do still 'favour me," said Quintus next day, "I solicit, as the one help for 'me, an ensign's commission!"—And persisted rigorously, in spite of 'all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial side of 'things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his commission; 'and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, more or less, in the 'sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe War; and after the Peace of '1748 continued in the Dutch service. Where, loath to be idle, he 'got his learned Books out again, and took to studying thoroughly the 'Ancient Art of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful 'that he proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined 'that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before finishing. 'In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and continued, he came to 'London accordingly; finished his manuscript there (printed at the 'Hague 1757[33]): and new War having now begun, went over (pro-

[32] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129-145.

[33] *Mémoires Militaires sur les &c.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 voll. 4to);—was in the 5th edition when I last heard of it.

'bably with English introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. 'By Duke Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all 'his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times:—and here at 'last, as Quintus Icilius, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and 'gradually three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

'They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, 'stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of 'some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, 'hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book 'on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the 'famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book 'itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling and 'wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in those 'wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as key, or 'glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon 'eagerly bought and studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* Quintus Icilius, 'who taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient War, at least all the 'teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned *Decline and Fall*.'[34]

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th-30th), new Horse-Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians,—General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter:—and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons—Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons:—of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to

[34] See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*) ii. 52-54, of dates May 14th-26th, 1762,—during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires;* and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, 'a man of eminent saga-'city and insight, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian 'service.'

us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity,—there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here, accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now,—only shooting-out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loath to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take-up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavour to assist,—or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last!—

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on:—of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmöttseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again:—into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighbourhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition,—still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot-out Two (rather of *cometary* type, to use our old figure),—which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz;—intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighbourhood, from about the end of June and onward.

June-July 1759.

Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view!—

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZULLICHAU.

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual,—coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see;—and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hibernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it "Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;" but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended,—who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them,—once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhither, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the

Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven-in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march,—with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days), —direct against the Russians; and at once go-in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state;—above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen, with his 10,000, is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony; Wobersnow, with at least his own fine head, is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision matters: in fine, did not get to Posen neighbourhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping-in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in;—and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill-guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it,—just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill-news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

17th-20th July 1759.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen-on-Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he;—having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before.[1]

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz: —whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put-up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna hagglings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it.[2] Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody;—and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 78-88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835-847.
[2] Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

is, 'Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July 1759.' The purpose of such high-flown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush-down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was 'the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army,' might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp Sunday evening 22d July:—poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,[3]—all the more, as Wobersnow's behaviour under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances,—the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:

'You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to the 'other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of two common 'tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take-in tiles;—tiles are to be 'found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it 'together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve 'tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can bake with it, if you 'have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever 'heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it 'is capable of all folding flat like a book.'[4] Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived Sunday evening 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig,—some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his headquarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far south-west of Posen:*

[3] Retzow, &c. [4] Retzow, ii. 82 n. * See Map, at end of Volume.

23d July 1759.
thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuvrings. Soltikof, drawn-up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvred for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him;—will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: "Yes, yes; we have a chance," Dohna would answer; "only let us rest till tomorrow, and be fresh!" by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked-up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came-in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator,—though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after the heroic feat of Ziethen's and his at Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); this is Leonidas's elder Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!"—which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted—in practical fact, it lasted one day.

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday 23d July 1759), *without Success.*

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitering Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that

Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak ; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rearguard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock ; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig : he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it),—five or six miles to north-east yonder ; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge ;—and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last !

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell instantly took his measures ; not unskilfully, say judges,—though the result proved disappointing ; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded : "Too questionable, I should doubt ! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery ; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is !"[5]

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again ; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. "May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky) ?" thinks Wedell : "Cannot we burst-in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows ; and tumble them into heaps ?" The differences were several-fold : First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful ; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus Hill to screen our intentions ; but that the Russians have us in full view while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire ; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

[5] Tempelhof, iii. 132-134.

23d July 1759.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical dispatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike-in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry:—their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manœuvre in,—no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example);—above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming 'a long Line behind Palzig Village,' with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries,—say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back;—unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder,—towards Kay-Mill again; where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming: and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at present!—Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. 'About sunset,'—flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene,—Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last,—in how different a humour, this time!—and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof: "Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!" Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge;—"shy of crossing anywhere" (think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert), "to the King of Prussia's side!"[6] Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set-out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, "Would it had never begun!" Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it;—*after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather,—"I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault;"[7]—ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of which turns Kay Mill: memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.[8]

[6] Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of 'Montalembert, ii 87').

[7] *To Wedell, from the King*, 'Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759' (in Schöning, ii. 118).

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 125-131.

23d July 1759.

Close in the same neighbourhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called Krebsmühle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public twenty years hence. *Krebsmühle* (Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking?—

Some three weeks ago (*4th-6th July*), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping;—especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts in both Nations. Whereupon,

'*July 1st*' (just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery), 'Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a few 'Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches' (*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blast*, and such nomenclatures[9]); 'and in the afternoon of Tuesday 3d arrives in the 'frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into "the Channel of 'Honfleur" before dark; and therefrom, with his Firedrake, Basilisk 'and Company, begins such a bombardment of Havre and the flat-'bottomed manufactories as was quite surprising. Fifty-two incessant 'hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre 'had been on fire six times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable), I 'know not how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the Gar-'rison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no salvation for 'them but in Rodney's "mortars getting too hot." He had fired of 'shells 1,900, of carcasses 1,150: from Wednesday about sunrise till 'Friday about 8 A.M.,—about time now for breakfast; which I hope 'everybody had, after such a stretch of work. "No damage to speak 'of," said the French Gazetteers; "we will soon refit everything!" 'But they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. Vannes

[9] List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), ii. 241; his Despatch (excellently brief), ib. ii. 323.

'was always, and is now still more, to be the main place; only that 'Hawke,—most unexpectedly, for one fancied all their ships em- 'ployed in distant parts,—rides there with a Channel Fleet of formid- 'able nature; and the previous question always is: "Cannot we beat 'Hawke? Can we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when 'the rough weather comes?"'

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof,—at Crossen or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent. Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side,—where, as on the western, there was no danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed-out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side;—suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing,—nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns-out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him, who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter,—especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labours, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half

success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th; —and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing:—and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz,—with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition;—Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless;—and Wedell being now struck-down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north*-westward;—but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles northward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward;—to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighbourhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflections are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony,—though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it,—must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can:—how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once," That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen.* He had come to Sagan 'by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of,'—or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighbourhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, 'about midnight,'—and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan,—intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did not personally meet, Henri having driven-off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road),—was *Sunday July 29th.* Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th,* at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous,—rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now 'intersect,' but meet after the hunt is done;—and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march north-west of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half-a-dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as—as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword-Dance, or Dance of the Furies,—five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell);—and it is flung-down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man

* Map, at end of Volume.

1st Aug. 1759.

rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung-down at random, here the essentials of it are,—in very brief state:

'*Sagan, Monday 30th July.* Friedrich is at Sagan, since midnight 'last, busier and busier;' beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; 'endeavouring, especially, 'to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic,— 'Loudon a dexterous man,—and have hung-up such a curtain of Pan- 'dours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In 'the course of this Monday Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on 'the road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld,—"thence for Crossen!" 'he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

'*Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg.* Tuesday before daybreak Fried- 'rich too is on the road: north-westward; in full march towards Naum- 'burg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March 'of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of 'Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); 'finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which 'he at once oversets with his Cavalry, and chases,—marking withal 'that "westward is the way they run." Westward; and that we are 'still ahead, thank Heaven!

'Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, 'Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, that the Austrians are 'in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, 'no doubt, they will bear-off more to leftward, by Guben probably, 'and try to avoid him,—unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. 'About nightfall he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives 'Wednesday early; finds—alas!—

'*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning August 1st,* Friedrich finds that 'Loudon *was* there last night,—preterite tense, alas; the question now 'being, Where is he!' In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, 'Sommerfeld, July 31st'), That 'being swift and 'light,' consisting of horse for most part, 'he may probably effect Junc- 'tion this very night;'—but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne-off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse;—and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. "Not in Sommerfeld?" thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): "Gone to Guben most likely, bearing-off from us to leftward?"—Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns today (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: "Follow them, you Wedell,"—orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into,—however this hunt end!—

'*To Markersdorf, Thursday August 2d.* Friedrich takes the road

'for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty-miles march, still seven or 'eight from Guben); falls upon—What phenomenon is this? The 'Austrian heavy Train; meal-wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot 'in charge of it;—but going the wrong way, not *towards* the Russians, 'but from them! What on earth can this be? This is Haddick,—if 'Friedrich could yet clearly know it,—Haddick and Train, who for 'his own part has given-up the junction enterprise. At Guben, some 'hours ago, he had conference with Loudon; and this was the con-'clusion arrived at: "Impossible, with that King so near! You, 'Herr Loudon, push-on, without heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry 'altogether; you can get in, almost 20,000 strong; I, with the In-'fantry, with the meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the 'Lausitz again!"

'This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Friedrich 'attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the Austrians 'altogether); chases it vigorously; snatches all the meal-wagons, and 'about 1,000 prisoners. Uncertain still what it is,—if not the Aus-'trians altogether? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into 'it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry; that Loudon, with the '20,000 Horse, will have gone-off for Frankfurt;—irretrievably ahead, 'the swift Loudon,—ever careering northward all this while, since that 'afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugitives altered his opinion: a 'now unattainable Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Fried-'rich has satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good 'as done:—in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning of August '3d, and joined the Russians there; and about the same time, or only 'a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his 'hunt has ended, in this rather unsuccessful way; and that chasing of 'Haddick is not the road to go.'[1]

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after '*Friday August 3d*, 1 A.M.' (hunt then over), Friedrich himself,—renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; headquarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 135-139.

3d Aug. 1759.

on business, to Minister Finckenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finckenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin).

Beeskow, 3d August 1759.

'I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings' (*Checks himself, however*). 'There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurlyburly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him,' and secure Berlin from attempts of his. This is all I can say.

'Tomorrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt' (to Müllrose, namely). 'Katte' (the Minister who has charge of such things) 'must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels' (say tons) 'of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell.—F.'

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five,—the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road,—there went on, at Minden on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich;—especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can;—and will insert the Note here:

Battle of Minden: Wednesday August 1st, 1759.—'Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful man-

'agement, of hard struggles and bright sparkles of success, he has had 'a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into 'better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as War-Minister have been 'almost wonderful,—in some respects, *too* wonderful, as we shall hear! '—and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Sou- 'bise, have real soldier qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in 'those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked-on 'by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily pro- 'gressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, 'has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering 'Hanover,—which how is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got 'two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much 'superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses 'Westphalia: Osnabrück (his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt,—Con- 'tades, if left to himself, will take these, after short siege; and will 'nestle himself there, and then advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, 'but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, man- 'œuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of 'Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done 'by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the 'capture of Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at 'Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, '"the Conquest of Hanover" (beautiful counterweight to all one's 'losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this 'Year.

'For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, 'especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in the 'head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, 'with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one 'of the unassailablest positions. He lies looking northward, his right 'wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile 'north-eastward there), on his left impassable peatbogs and quagmires; 'in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, 'coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden:*—there 'lies Contades, as if in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, 'if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has 'in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, 'are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how 'many, besieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), 'attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently work- 'ing forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. 'Three or four Divisions busy in that manner;—and above all, we say, 'he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser, '—who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover 'at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his 'light troops have already been more than once. Why doesn't Fer-

* Sketch of Plan, p. 138.

1st Aug. 1759.

'dinand cross Weser, re-cross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save 'Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt's 'Public is inclined to murmur about Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. 'Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neighbourhood; and, in a 'scarcely accountable way, manœuvring there, shooting-out therefrom 'what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges 'and the like.

'On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing,—except hood-'wink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for 'his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively;—snatches, by a 'sudden stroke, Bremen City: "Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; 'nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt; but I will, instead: 'and my English proviant-ships shall have a sure haven henceforth!" 'Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke; *re*-snatches Osnabrück by 'another ("our magazine considerably *increased* since you have had it, 'many thanks!"); does lose Münster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless 'sticks by his ground here;—nay detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, 'the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to 'cut-out Contades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up 'the Weser), which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey 'from the south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture 'of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he 'see clearly, "Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, 'or at lowest, can clear-out these people from infesting us here, there 'is no moving northward!" To both Contades and Broglio that is an 'evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must fight Ferdinand; 'must watch lynx-like till a chance turn-up of beating him in fight. 'That is their outlook; and Ferdinand knows it is,—and manœuvres 'accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, 'but his clear insight into Contades's and Broglio's temper of mind, and 'by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs 'together, and brought whither he wanted them.[2]

'This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it 'succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and 'weakening one's too weak Army, "What a rashness, what an over-'sight!" thinks Contades (as Ferdinand wished him to do): "Is our 'skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? 'Look at his left wing yonder"—(General Wangenheim, sitting behind 'batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from 'the north):—"Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; but Wan-'genheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: 'tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!" These things 'seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for; and 'brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the Heath of 'Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

'And so, *Tuesday Evening July 31st*, things being now all ripe,

[2] In *Mauvillon* (ii. 41-44) minute account of all that.

'upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades has 'nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him; *tattoo* 'this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general-march*, "March, 'all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the 'Plain or Heath of Minden yonder,—and be punctual, like the clock!" 'Broglio crosses Weser by the Town Bridge, ranks himself opposite 'Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part 'of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades 'and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire 'force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000, '—having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view 'we know.—The *Battle of Minden*, called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning '*Todten*hausen), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the 'world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier mind: 'though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

'Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen 'round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau '(the chief part of him towards Bastau),—in various Villages, and 'woody patches and favourable spots; all looking-in upon Minden, 'from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with 'Minden for centre. He will march-up in eight Columns; of course, 'with wide intervals between them,—wide, but continually narrowing 'as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand 'wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be 'speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or al- 'most semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which 'is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on 'Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with 'infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its 'nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit 'for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are 'the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open 'ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry 'to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant 'that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery 'and infantry. Broglio is to root-out Wangenheim: after which,—or 'even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble,— 'what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles be- 'tween Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advant- 'age of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimble- 'ness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of 'this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and in- 'tends to take good care of his flank.

'Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no skill 'in "marching-up:" and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen 'Bridges, they wasted many hours:—"Too far, am I? not far enough? 'Too close? not close enough?"—and broiled about, in much hurry

1st Aug. 1759.

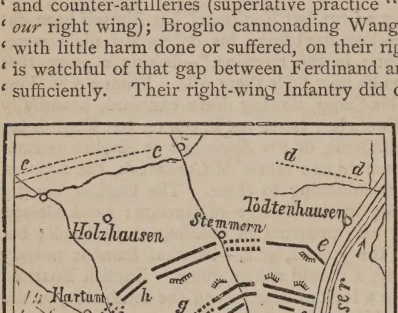
'and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morn-
'ing. Broglio was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by
'5 o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ("Not
'ready you, I see!"), except cannonade a little;—and indeed all through
'did nothing ("Still not ready you others!"); which surely was ques-
'tionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case
'came to be argued there. As to the Contades people, across those
'nineteen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were by
'no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor
'at 8; and were still mending themselves when the shock came, and
'time was done.

'The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out
'examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night were,
'"Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,"—having a guess that
'there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Fer-
'dinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully
'concentric, closing on Contades; horse *not* in centre, but English In-
'fantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by English reckon-
'ing); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the sight of
'whom seems to be very animating to them. The English Cavalry
'stand on the right wing, at the Village of Hartum: Lord George
'Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; but
'he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8,—in what humour nobody
'knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists,
'idle otherwise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the
'spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

'Soon after 8 the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on
'Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen,
'as the first thing,—which does not succeed at once (indeed took three
'attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English
'Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, "You shall march up
'to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;" but, it seems, they read it,
'"*by* sound of drum:" "Beating our own drums; yes, of course!"—
'and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no con-
'cern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at
'all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless
'determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of ar-
'tillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36 on the other, does its
'best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it
'little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French
'Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made
'on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse
'feel astonished, insulted; and rush-out again, furiously charging; the
'English halt and serry themselves: "No fire till they are within forty
'paces;" and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can
'endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass
'after mass of them indignantly plunges on,—again, ever again, about

'six charges in all;—but do not break the English lines: one of them '(regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get 'through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circum-'stances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that 'cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole 'seventy-five squadrons of them; and "between their two wings of 'infantry are seen boiling in complete disorder."

'This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the 'Fight,—though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to 'left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; 'and counter-artilleries (superlative practice "by Captain Phillips" on '*our* right wing); Broglio cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but 'with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim 'is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself 'sufficiently. Their right-wing Infantry did once make some attempt



a a. Contades's Camp. *b b.* Broglio's Camp.
c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
f f. French Line of Battle.
g. French Cavalry. *h.* English Infantry.
i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

'there; but the Prus-'sian Horse—(always 'a small body of Prus-'sians serve in this Al-'lied Army)—shot-out, 'and in a brilliant man-'ner swept them home 'again. Artillery and 'that pretty charge of 'Prussian Horse are all 'one remembers, except 'this of the English and 'Hanover Foot in the 'centre: "an unsur-'passable thing," says 'Tempelhof (though it 'so easily might have 'been a fatal!)—which 'has set Contades's cen-tre boiling, and re-'duced Contades alto-'gether to water, as it 'were. Contades said 'bitterly: "I have seen 'what I never thought 'to be possible,—a single line of infantry break through three lines of 'cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!"[3]

'This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul 'of the Fight:—and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, 'come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, 'say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George,—ever-

[3] Stenzel, v. 204.

1st Aug. 1759.

'lasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him,—could not see his 'way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would not even let Granby, 'his lieutenant, come; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never 'came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking, "How am I to come 'on?" Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not 'instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, "Milord, the oppor-'tunity is now past!" Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only 'beaten. By about 10 in the morning all was over. When a man's 'centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. 'Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges,—'well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got 'beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-'fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead 'of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we 'are a beaten Army,—thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. 'Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colours, cavalry flags 'and the like); theirs being 2,822,—full half of it falling on those rash 'Six Battalions.[4]

'And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? The 'Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, 'has blown our rearguard division to the winds there;—and we must 'move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out 'of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult coun-'try, the Westphalian Gates so-called; fatal to Varus's Legions long 'ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his bag-'gage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more 'than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, "Resign you; let 'Broglio be chief");—and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither 'and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to 'depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-'way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had 'clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his Contades; 'it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades or blamed Bro-'glio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a loss to himself 'withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite 'vanished: and worse, in Ferdinand's spoil were certain *Letters* from 'Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things;—for example, "*Il 'faut faire un désert du Pays*" (all Hessen, I think, lest Ferdinand ad-'vance on you) "*devant l'Armée,*" and the like. Which Ferdinand 'saw good to publish, and which resounded rather hideously through 'the general mind.'[5]

[4] Mauvillon, ii. 44-60; Tempelhof, iii. 154-179, &c. &c.: and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th-24th March and 25th March—5th April 1760, in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knesebeck, *Ferdinand während des siebenjährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of 'July 31st;' and (i. 398-418 and ii. 33-36) many special details about Sackville and 'August 1st.'

[5] Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;"—perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck-out Sackville from the List of Privy-Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable;—and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad case. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted common courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humour that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his 'saddling at one o'clock;' sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy, flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it;—any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again!—

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, 'That these unsurpassable Six' (in industrious valour unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!) 'are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, '20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British Line; and carry "Min-'den" on their colours,'[6]—with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

'*Before Quebec, July 31st*, 1759. This same Evening, at Quebec, 'on the other side of the Atlantic,—evening at Quebec, 9 or 10 at

[6] Kausler, *Schlachten*, &c. p. 587.

'night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges,—there is a difficult affair 'going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their 'outflow into the St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe's part to 'penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, 'French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec and him. 'From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing can be done upon 'Quebec, such the distance over. From Isle d'Orléans and the north 'side, it is also impossible hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower 'Town, from your ships and redoubts: but the High Town towers 'aloft on its sheer pinnacles, inaccessible even to cannon; looks down 'on the skilfulest British Admiral and Fleet as if with an air of indif- 'ference,—trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the 'cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

'A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. To- 'wards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the southern 'ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime Falls of Mont- 'morenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, 'General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, 'naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege 'Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to 'get into contact with it:—to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is 'the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, 'branches of the grand St. Lawrence River; so skilfully taken advant- 'age of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in 'regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians. 'Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill-laid; and the execution has been 'zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind;—but it met 'with accidents. Accidents in boating; then a still worse accident on 'landing; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, 'having, so soon as landed, rushed-off on the redoubt there on their 'own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross 'and coöperate *above* the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and 'induced him, especially as the tide was making again, to give-up the 'enterprise altogether, and recall everybody, while it was yet time.[7] 'Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and 'can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, 'and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more 'there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls 'into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart;—nothing sure 'to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. 'After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly 'towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes.'

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we returned to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we

[7] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470-3; Thackeray, i. 438.

left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow,—'encamped between Lebus and Wulkow,' as we hear elsewhere;—quite in the environs of Frankfurt and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finckenstein (Second Note).

Wulkow, 8th August 1759.

'If you hear of firing tomorrow, don't be surprised; it is our re-'joicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you 'in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make; I 'find great difficulties to surmount,—and it is required to save our 'Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more 'enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever 'I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the ne-'cessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on 'Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have either a *De 'Profundis* or a *Te Deum*.—F.'[8]

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

SUNDAY July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken-in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: "On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!" And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

testimony extant,[1] may like to see a little how they behaved there.

'Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or what he 'can see of it, at 1,000' (they really were 6,000); 'keeps his Draw-'bridge up; and answers stoutly enough, "No." Upon which, from 'the Oder-Dam, there flies-off one fiery grenado; one and no more,— 'which alighted in the house of "Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker's Widow, 'who was standing at the door;"—killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew 'the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. Arnim, 'all the Magistrates entreating him for the love of Heaven to leave 'them, is secretly shoving-off his two cannon to the Northern Gate; 'and in fact is making his packages with full speed: "Push for Cüs-'trin," thinks Arnim, "and save selves and cannon, since no good is 'to be done here!"

'It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obstinate 'Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A second 'summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the Russians 'then summon: "Grenadoes, a hundred more of them lie ready, un-'less—!" "We will, we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!" 'passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still 'keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does go, by way of fore-'taste: this lighted "near the Ober Kirche, in the chimney of the 'Town Musikus;" brought the chimney crashing down on him' (fancy a man with some fineness of ear); 'tore the house a good deal to pieces, 'but again did not set it on fire. "Your obstinate Town can be bom-'barded, then,—cannot it?" observed the Russian Messenger.—"Give 'us Free Withdrawal!" proposes Arnim. "No; you to be Prisoners 'of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion." "Never," answers 'Arnim (to the outward ear).—"Go; oh, for the love of Heaven, go!" 'cry all Official people.

'Arnim, deaf to clamour, but steadily diligent in getting ready, 'does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, 'yet at his best step;—taking the Town-keys in his pocket, and leav-'ing the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 'Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but 'proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys 'gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got blacksmiths 'on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Draw-'bridge, smote open the Gates: "Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may 'Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!" So that Arnim had small start 'for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half-way. Would not 'yield still, though the odds were overwhelming; drew himself out on 'the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful;

[1] Johann Ludwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit &c.* (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man; has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.

'but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought 'back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again,—self, surviving men, cannons 'and all (self in a wounded state);—and "were locked in various 'Brewhouses;" little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; 'man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate.'

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. 'The furnishings of victual' (Russian stock quite out) 'were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, 'cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all 'things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses 'left in all Frankfurt; and'—But we must not go into details.

'On the second day, besides all this,' what will be significant of it all, 'there was exacted "ransom of 600,000 thalers (90,000*l.*), or 'you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!" Frankfurt has not above '12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of '7*l.* 10*s.* per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous 'collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than 'once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link 'in hand: "The 90,000*l.* or—!" Civic-Presidency Office in Frank-'furt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly 'about; wrung-out moneys to the last drop; moneys, and in the end 'plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General 'Soltikof,—a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being 'flattered,—who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were 'locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the 'blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms 'upon you;—and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how 'the most of us lived; nay we never really wanted food, so kind was 'Providence, so generous our poor neighbours out of all the Towns 'round. The utmost of money that could be raised was 6,000*l.*; no-'thing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, 'a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magis-'trates out of ward; sent back the plate—"Nothing of that!"—nay, 'Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our 'petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; 'but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular 'Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men,—greatly beyond 'the Austrians in behaviour.'[2] By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

'Friday August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early,

[2] Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1-15 (in compressed state).

'in the Guben' (or Western) 'Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high 'spirits naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; 'but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been 'living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. '"Auxiliaries; humph,—only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer 'had been as many hundredweights of meal!" Loudon had pushed 'his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such 'and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, 'to be furnished straightway by the City: neither of which procedures 'would the Russians hear of for a moment. "Out with you!" said 'they roughly to the baggage-people: "quarter in the Guben Suburb, 'or where you like; not here!" And with regard to the requisition 'of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, "Proviant? You 'too without it? You have not brought us meal, according to cove- 'nant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them 'on horseback,—Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain '*you* can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, 'dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!"

'All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising 'to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. 'Loudon's own table is furnished from Frankfurt; no other Austrian 'man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning 'needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behaviour 'was very bad, say the Frankfurters; "in particular, they had burnt 'gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not 'one mill standing when they left us,"—and four horses all the convey- 'ance-power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery 'and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an 'inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distaste- 'ful to Austrian dignitaries.'

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment;—welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill-seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are intrenching themselves, as only Daun would,—cannon and redoubts all round those Heights;—and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender

with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable !—

Wednesday August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle;* a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs ;—intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs-in upon them, wide-eyed, "*Himmel und Erde,* Prussian Hussars !" It was in verity Prussian Hussars ; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitering, —the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback at their swiftest,—hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars ;—and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked-up Wedell at Müllrose,—not too cordial to Wedell's people; "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe-off their Züllichau stain !" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighbourhood ; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus ;—and has just been out reconnoitering. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare ! 'Next day, August 9th, from Wul-'kow-Lebus hand, we' of Frankfurt 'heard a great firing; can-'non-salvoes, musket-volleys: "Nothing of fight," the Russian 'Officers told us ; "it is the King of Prussia doing joy-fire for 'Minden," of which we till now knew nothing.'

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And, indeed, had so anticipated, and already judged ; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again,—Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days,—not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000 ; and then business can begin ! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt ; seems quite quiet in his cantonments ;—he is quietly (if one knew it) making prepara-

tions farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left-hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Vorwerk* ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to north-westward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass.* Soltikof's headquarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighbourhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down-stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of 'Oder-boats floated up from Cüstrin.' Bridges are not begun till

* Map, p. 231 *a*.

nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and Battle-furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday 11th August 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across: ranked there, in those barren, much-indented 'Pasture-grounds of Göritz' or of Œtscher;* intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labours, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouack here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till tomorrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitering; hither, thither, over the Heights of Trettin. 'The day being still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst' (it is our one Anecdote), 'in that arid tract: at last a Peasant 'does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of pure cold 'water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; 'and not only so, but, the man being intelligent of the localities, 'took with him to answer questions.' Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

'Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful,' says my Note, 'stands on an alluvium which has been ground-down from cer-'tain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 'inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not 'half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great 'Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or 'west bank of Oder the country is arable, moderately grassy and um-'brageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over 'the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current,

* Map, p. 231 *a*.

'of turbid colour, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge,—Wooden Bridge, 'with Dam Suburb at the end;—a River treeless, desolate, as you 'look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, 'since grinding-down that alluvium as site for Frankfurt; and which, 'though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, 'and destructive on the eastern low grounds,—had not the Frank-'furters built an "Oder-Dam" on that side; a broad strong Earth-'mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond 'the Dam there are traces of an "Old Oder (*Alte Oder*);" and, in fact, 'Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; 'indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy 'tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of 'the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with; '—fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

'What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of 'Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the 'eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill '(*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the 'Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length 'of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; 'the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its grand 'defect as a Camp: "too narrow for manœuvring in." Here, atop 'and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the 'furious Battle of Kunersdorf' (to be fought tomorrow), 'one of the 'most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

'To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands 'in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,—*Kuhgrund* '(Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and 'most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; '"*Loudon's* Hollow" people subsequently called it);—and is every-'where strangely tumbled-up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of 'primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,—of which let 'readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the Judenberg,— 'it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be 'about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country 'is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or 'muddy oozings wandering about, especially with a thing called the '*Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has 'inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder,—if it get at all! This was 'a sore Floss to Friedrich tomorrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully 'meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, 'sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it (in 'our time, through the middle of it) goes the Highway to Reppen' ("From that Highway will his attack come!" thought the Russians, always till today): 'on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin,' where Fried-rich is now on survey, 'go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A 'most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, per-

'haps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, 'reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

'For the rest,' to our ill-luck in this place, 'the Battlefield of 'Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being blown- 'away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no longer; the 'descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irrecognisable. In 'our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, 'than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt; and you judge, 'without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the 'worse since Friedrich's time,—some rabbit-colony, or other the like 'insignificancy, eating-out the roots, till all vegetation died, and the 'wind got hold and set it dancing;—and that, in 1759, when Russian 'human beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least coherent, 'more or less; covered, held together by some film of scrubby vegeta- 'tion; not blowing about in every wind as now! Kunersdorf stands 'with its northern end pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow); 'which must then have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf 'the ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but west- 'ward, all that three miles, it is a mere tumult of sand-hills, tumbled 'about in every direction (so diligent have the conies been, and then 'the winds); no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable any- 'where, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and sand- 'hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand wholly, 'and,—except the strong paved Highway that now runs through it (to 'Reppen, Meseritz and the Polish Frontier, and is strongly paved till 'it get through Kunersdorf),—chaotic wholly; a scene of heaped bar- 'renness and horror, not to be matched but in Sahara; the features 'of the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our time.

'A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin,—of peat, 'of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping-out only here 'and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day,—before the 'conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty years, as 'appears. Kriele's Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change: the '*Kuhgrund*, which now has nothing but dry sand for the most indus- 'trious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in Kriele's 'time; "Deep Way," where "at one point two carts could not pass," 'was not yet blown out of existence, but has still "a Well in it" for 'Kriele; *Hohle Grund* (since called Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew 'Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, seem tolerable-enough places to 'Kriele. Probably not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. 'A Country of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and 'but tolerably green; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate 'meandering little runlets and oozelets; and in general with more of 'Forest so-called than now is:—this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; 'Soltikof's Intrenched Camp at present; destined to become very fam- 'ous in the world, after lying so long obscure under Oder and its 'rages.'[3]

[3] *Tourist's Note* (Autumn 1852).

11th Aug. 1759.

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000; Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich: On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs,—for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere,—a paltry little Brook, "Hen-Floss" so-called, with at least two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle, Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder* Waste? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen-Floss?" "It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant;—who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; 'but knows it only as a hunter,' says Tempelhof,[4] 'not as a soldier,' which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible,—and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 186.

clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies:[5] That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making-off for Reppen;—which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again.—The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods:—"Russians burning Kunersdorf!" as neighbours are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. Tomorrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday 11th, when the news reached them. 'They inverted their front' (say all the Books but Friedrich's own): "Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately;—which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "right wing on the Mühlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "left," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding-up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable; ashes all of it,—except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital tomorrow, who knows?

[5] Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle,—the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, 'lasted for four-and-twenty hours.' Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*,—fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering-in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again,—Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march;—order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride-out reconnoitering, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a

cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, 'burn Schwetig and Reipzig,' without the least advantage to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left;—but will have stept over into Big Hollow at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring-on. Boggy oozings especially,—there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hünerfliess*, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder,—*Faule Laacke* (Foul Lake, *Lither-mere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others,—occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand:—in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise);—and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf

12th Aug. 1759.

neighbourhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) coöperate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours.—Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot-out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind,—till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing, and Friedrich some scout party,—till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little* Spitzberg (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable,—'1,950 paces at the nearest,' as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. 'The 'Russian guns were ill-pointed; the Russian batteries wrong-'built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the 'Hollow they were meant to defend.'[6]

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in

[6] Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.

the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service : cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt ; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets ; 'with a precision 'and coherency,' says Tempelhof, 'which even on the parade-'ground would have deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, 'they suffer nothing ; though the blind Russian fire, going all 'over their heads, rages threefold :' suffered nothing in the Hollow ; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones ; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster,—speed one's only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect ; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries : which are all empty before we can leap into them ; artillery-men, musketeer battalions, all on wing ; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding ; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl ; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight ; 'mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep.' The Russian Left Wing is beaten : had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning ; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock : and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation : but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here : but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and

poor single Bridges ; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ('who drove-out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard,' as their first feat),—no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush ! The entire Wing does at last get to the south-east of Kunersdorf, free of the wood ; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate mesh-work of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself ; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change ; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon ! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us : a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg ; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long : by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*) ; and carried beautiful execution ! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots : but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each : fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere ;—and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim ! And had, in part, settled ; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops !

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men ; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments *not* running out ! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his ; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin[7] (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant) : "Russians beaten ; rejoice with me !" Four successive

7 Preuss, ii. 212 n.

couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect ; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news!—

In proportion as the cannon and other necessaries gradually got in, the Fight flamed-up from its embers more and more : and there ensued,—the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) 'in many lines,' and very fierce, —a second still deadlier bout ; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank ; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favour ; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg,—what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank,—some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far : but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg ; —though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the "Big Spitzberg" was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire ; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow ; fresh for the rescue ; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men ; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh : of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing ; one of the hottest August days ; and 'nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water :' very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be ! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting ; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries ; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circum-

stances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw-off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till tomorrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favourable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one,[8] are willing to prove that pausing here,—at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumour puts us,—was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!"—calls-out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here,—especially to sweep-away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecognisable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge-in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate;

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 194.

rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. 'Thrice he personally led-on the main attack.' He has had two horses shot-down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every "method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must "stand to my duty here!" These, and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground,—back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labours, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging:—Eugen, 'looking round, finds his men all gone,' and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the foredone Prussians to retake that Height. 'Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty

yards asunder;' such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!"—and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "*N'y "a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m'atteindre* (Is "there not one b— of a ball that can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, "Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset "heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht*)!"[9]—but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; 'no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state.' At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.[10]

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "*Nein, Ihro Majestät!*" answered Prittwitz with

[9] Kriele, p. 169.

[10] Tempelhof, iii. 179-200; Retzow, ii. 80-115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589-598, *Bericht von der am 12 August 1759 bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and *Ib.* 598-603, *Beschreibung der &c.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them elsewhither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Œtscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no chance but surrender or extermination.[11] At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Œtscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries;—he took shelter, himself, in a hut 'which had been plundered by Cossacks' (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "*Ach Kinder*, "Alas, children, you are badly wounded, then?" "*Ja*, your "Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, though? Have you been let "blood?" "*Nein, Euer Majestät, kein Teufel will uns verbinden* "(Not a devil of them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel that "hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such cases does

[11] Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

"wonders!" Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved,—and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.[12] This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Œtscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finckenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin): Third Note.

Œtscher, '12th August' 1759.

'I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him 'back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard,'—a mistake, but now of no moment), 'near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, 'and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at length, 'I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. 'My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me;—'my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very consider-'able. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I 'write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer master of my 'forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a 'great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequences of this 'Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; 'and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the 'destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour jamais*). '—F.'[13]

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing-over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph,—a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date,—date of the Order would probably be still *Œtscher, 12th August;* date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieut.-General Finck (at Œtscher or Reitwein).

'General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army 'which I give-up to him is no longer in condition to make head against 'the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon 'too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his 'rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so 'krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*):—however, I believe, should Loudon 'go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if 'it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters

[12] Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.
[13] In orig. '*ce* 12,' no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 306).

'up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The 'news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary (*Cöper mein 'Segreter*,' kind of lieutenant to Eichel[14]) 'will send him. You (*Er*) 'must inform my Brother' (Prince Henri) 'of everything; whom I 'have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck 'altogether is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, 'must be done:—the Army swears to my Nephew' (King henceforth).

'This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a 'condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed 'by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*).—FRIEDRICH.'[15]

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by tomorrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him;—but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and dispatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long:

To Lieutenant-General von Schmettau (at Dresden).

'Reitwein, 14th' (probably 13th) 'August 1759.

'You will perhaps have heard of the Check' (*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf to wit!) 'I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th' (12th, if you had the Almanac at hand) 'of this month. Though at bottom 'our affairs in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, I find I 'shall not now be able to make any detachment for your assistance. 'Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, 'you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, 'it will behove you to try and obtain a favourable Capitulation,—to 'wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole Garrison, Moneys, Maga-'zines, Hospital and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or 'elsewhither, so as to join some Corps of my Troops.

'As a fit of illness' (*maladie*, alas!) 'has come on me,—which I 'do not think will have dangerous results,—I have for the present left 'the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose 'Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On 'this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.—F.'[16]

At Berlin, on this 13th,—with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their dispatch, but the fatal Fifth

[14] See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.
[15] Exact Copy, two exact Copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, ii. 215)
[16] Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory),—there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. ' "Above 50,000 human beings on the ' Palace Esplanade and streets about;" swaying hither and thither, in ' agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and ' woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in the dif- ' ferent groups, and men crushed-down in despair met by men leaping ' into the air for very gladness:' Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) "would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene."[17] The "scene" is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!*—

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: 'On the day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magde- ' burg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick's Visit, ' October 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and ' the Court were then extremely gay: different gentlemen, French and ' others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen's soirees the ' finest in the world for splendour and variety, at that time.'[18]

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, "Poet of the Spring," as he was then called. A valiant, punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist,—there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called *Grüne* Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow):—this is not Grüne Kleist; this is the Poet of *The Spring;* whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged):

'Christian Ewald von Kleist, "Poet of the Spring" ' (a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year), 'was of Finck's Division; ' had come-on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian bat- ' tery' (that is, Mühlberg); 'and had been assisting, with zeal, at the ' taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which ' he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt ' on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place neverthe- ' less, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *muthig* forward on the ' fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell ' from his horse' (hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.); 'sank, ex- ' claiming: "*Kinder*, My children, don't forsake your King!" and ' fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid-down on some ' dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon ' brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn-away by case- ' shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. A friend of his, Pfau' (who told Kriele), 'one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist ' called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear

[17] *Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literärischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316-319.

[18] Rödenbeck, i. 390; &c. &c.

'we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for 'a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after 'such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had 'become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

'Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, 'Cossacks came round him; stript him stark-naked; threw him, face 'foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One 'of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face 'of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could not help laughing at remem-'brance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not 'Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put 'a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him 'water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing 'an 8-*groschen stück*' (ninepenny piece, shilling, say half-crown) 'on 'his cloak,—with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again 'stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist con-'trived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and 'got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once 'set about helping him;—and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, 'in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; 'where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty 'hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope 'for ten days. In the tenth night (22d-23d August), the shivered 'pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery,—which, after 'many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at two in the morning, 'he died.—Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; 'poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many 'Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that 'end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to 'lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had 'Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, 'in 1788, set-up a monument to him,'[19]—which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: 'which will not surprise your Majesty,' reports Soltikof to his Czarina; 'who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate.' And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such Vic-"tory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, "with the staff in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving

[19] Kriele, pp. 39-43.

not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King,—though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business, stept into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead.[20]

CHAPTER V.

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

FRIEDRICH'S despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day,—day after leaving Reitwein,—there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My "dear Major-General von Wunsch,—Your Letter of the 16th "to Lieutenant-General von Finck punctually arrived here: "and for the future, as I am now recovered from my illness, "you have to address your Reports directly to Myself.—F."[1] Finding that, except Tottleben warily reconnoitering with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and intrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate,—he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 60 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then;—rage on, ye elements and black savageries!" Friedrich's humour is not despondent, now or afterwards; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is at all times of beautifully practical

[20] Preuss, ii. 217.

[1] 'Madlitz,' on the road to Fürstenwalde, '17th August:' in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it: Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January 1855), p. 18.

turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward,—brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious,—give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humours. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory);—though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and raindeluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow:—a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin;—Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours:—but the world and he, as had been repeatedly the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four-years battlings and marchings, and ten-years subterranean plottings and intriguings. He himself says deliberately, 'They had only to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*).'[2] But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20.

good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing-stroke upon Friedrich, but for two months no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighbourhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein August 16th), at Fürstenwalde or farther south, guarding Berlin;—then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuvrings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two-months scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time:—all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts,—Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz

and Frankfurt on the other,—and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present,—there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's hands full,—in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him,—that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting out-parties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each,—especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way,—so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumour; hideous, and, though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the

very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank,—always a sharply strategic, most expert creature,—and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.[3] Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavouring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavour to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians, and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:

'*Encampment First* (Fürstenwalde, August 18th-30th). Friedrich 'left Reitwein *August 16th;* 17th, he is at Madlitz' (Note to Wunsch written there, which we read); '18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. 'Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; '25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fort-'night. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but 'gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

'In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of 'Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except 'listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive 'eloquences and advices,—and once, August 22d, in the little Town 'of Guben, holding Conference with Daun' (of which by and by). 'In 'consequence of which, *August 28th*, Soltikof and his Russians and 'Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: 'first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose:—whom, the instant he heard of 'their movements, Friedrich, August 30th, hastened to follow; but had 'not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

'*Encampment Second* (Waldau, till September 15th). *August 30th*, 'Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to follow this 'Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the 'Spree; first to Müllrose neighbourhood' (where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal-locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more),—'thence to Lieberose neighbourhood; Waldau, the 'King's new place of encampment,—Waldau, with Spree Forest to

[3] Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii. 228 et seq.

'rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did 'fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction.'

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here, the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed hag-ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes.

1°. '*Madlitz*' (road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde), '16*th August* '1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not by my 'fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete 'one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment aban-'doned the field of battle. The enemy today is on march to Müllrose, 'to unite with Haddick' (not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with *them*). 'The Russian infantry is almost 'totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to 'assemble amounts to 32,000 men; with these I am pushing-on to 'throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the 'Capital. That is not what you' (you Berliners) 'will call a deficiency 'of resolution.

'For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, I 'would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, I 'think I am clear-scores with her, and that it will be permissible to 'look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I support 'my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well resolved, 'after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself' (that small glass tube which never quits me), 'and no longer be the sport of any 'chance.'

2°. *Fürstenwalde, 20th August.* * * 'Remain at Berlin, or re-'tire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe; 'it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can 'be back to Berlin' (from Potsdam) 'in four hours. If ill-luck still 'pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your 'safety.

'I protest to you, that in this late Action I did what was humanly 'possible to conquer; but my people'—Oh, your Majesty!

3°. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* * * 'The enemy is intrench-'ing himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you 'will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety,

'Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I will have 'you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my 'hope.'—

This day,—let readers mark the circumstance,—Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out August 21st.[4] And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4°. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* 'Yesterday I wrote to you to come; 'but today I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Lüben 'and Berlin' (nothing like so rash!).—'Fly these unhappy Countries! '—This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here 'and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. 'It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut-off from Berlin 'on the one side or the other. I will give the discouraged troops some 'brandy'—alas!—'but I promise myself nothing of success. My one 'consolation is, that I shall die sword in hand.'

5°. *Same place and day* (after a Letter *from* D'Argens). 'You 'make the panegyric, *mon cher*, of an Army that does not deserve any. 'The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy.' (Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!)

'For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. 'A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tanger-'münde' (since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight), 'to Tangermünde, where you will be well; and 'wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to re-'connoitre the enemy tomorrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, 'we will try it. But if the enemy still holds to the Wine-Hills of 'Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

'No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom 'of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days' (from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded-off again, and the force wanting). 'Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. 'Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to my-'self a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet any-'body with them; and that I would not counsel you to fly these un-'unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, *mon cher*.'

Four days after, *August 25th*, from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich dispatches to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, 'That Dresden is of the highest mo-'ment; that in case of Siege there, relief' (Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow) '*is* on the road; and that Schmettau must

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

'defend himself to the utmost.' Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau![5]—D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6°. *Waldau, 4th September.* 'I think Berlin is now in safety; you 'may return thither. The Barbarians' (Russians) 'are in the Lausitz; 'I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there 'is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of danger is past; 'but there will still be many bad moments to get through, before reach- 'ing the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard myself; 'never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then 'the snows and the ices will end it.'[6]

Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian deluges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant,—still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree:—Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear!—Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d).—'Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a view to be 'nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there (August 13th), 'when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated 'the night before: "King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond 'mistake this time,—utterly ruined, if one may judge!" What a

[5] Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436-7.
[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

22d Aug. 1759.

'vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one 'march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march nearer the scene 'of glory, and endeavour to forge this biggest of the hot irons to ad- 'vantage.

'At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messengers, 'eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever-memor- 'able Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who dispatches messengers, 'one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congra- 'tulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has 'beaten King Friedrich as none else ever did or could; beaten to the 'edge of extinction;—especially to urge him upon trampling-out this 'nearly extinct King, before he gleam-up again. Soltikof understands 'the congratulations very well; but as to that of trampling-out, snorts 'an indignant negative: "Nay, you, why don't you try it? Surely 'it is more your business than my Imperial Mistress's or mine. We 'have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay and Kuners- 'dorf have killed near the half of us: go you in, and wrench some- 'thing!" This is Soltikof's logic; which no messenger of Daun's, 'Lacy or another, aided by never such melodies and suasions from 'Montalembert and Loudon, who are permanently diligent that way, 'can shake.

'And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely 'speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? Men 'who have come to help you in a heavy job of work need example. 'If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof 'angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears 'from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his pre- 'sent ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious in these parts; 'and Soltikof thinks always, "Is it my business, then, or is it yours?"

'Soltikof has intrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Lossow, 'comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous to Oder and the 'provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the charmer; 'nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indignation, instead 'of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will 'of his own. And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony 'of the Lacys, the Montalemberts and surrounding adorers. Monta- 'lembert, who is here this season, our French best man (unprofitable 'Swedes must put-up with an inferior hand), is extremely persuasive, 'tries all the arts of French rhetoric, but effects nothing. "To let 'the Austrians come-in for the finishing stroke,—Excellence, it will be 'to let them gain, in History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun 'and Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished 'this pestilent King; whom History will have to remember!"[7] "With 'all my heart," answers Soltikof; "I make the Austrians and History 'perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread

[7] Choiseul's Letter (not *Duc* de Choiseul, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, 'Vienna, 16th August;' and Montalembert's Answer, 'Lieberhausen' (means *Lieberose*), '31st August 1759:' in Montalembert, *Correspondance*, ii. 58-65.

'is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?" In-
'dignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then,
'if you stir him to the bottom: "Why should we, who are volunteer
'assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall-back to Posen,
'and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer."

'Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian
'Chief Officers;—who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria's
'steady wish is, "Let them do their function of cat's-paw for us; we are
'here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor
'fingers for them!" After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been
'in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins,
'Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General
'Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack:
'heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All
'which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An
'unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always,—"Your turn now to
'fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't."
'And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody
'were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going
'on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalem-
'bert, Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords,
'and splendour of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the bar-
'barous people.

'Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview
'with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof
'at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite
'attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhe-
'toric is in him on the barbarous man. The barbarous man is stiff
'as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: "Saxony, Silesia,
'—Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our exquisite
'angling and manœuvring, in concert with your immortal victory, which
'truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer us to clutch them:
'keep that King away from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony
'first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to
'furnish bread for you" (though I have to cart it from Bohemia all the
way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to do the impossible);
'"ration of bread shall fail no Russian man, while you escort us as
'protective friend. Towards Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is,
'and not a Prussian in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by
'this time. Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself
'is ours, if only *you* please! Come into the Lausitz with us, Maga-
'zines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours,
'cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege Glogau together (I am
'myself about trying Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as
'well as Neisse; and crown the successfulest campaign that ever was?
'Oh, Excellenz—!"'—

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the

loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread, no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man,—though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.[8]

The "Reichs Army" so-called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th-23d),—*with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one.*

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons,—as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army,—first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück,—did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the North-western Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) "Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:" Irish by nation, says a footnote;[9]—sure enough some adventurous "Thomas *Plunket*," visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony,—King, Prince Henri and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighbourhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighbourhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence:

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 225.

[9] Seyfarth, ii. 831 n.

"Free-withdrawal," proposes the Reichs Army,—and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those North-western places, not one of them capable of standing above a few-days siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, "Free-withdrawal" the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature,—feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties:

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th-14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so),—where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians,—silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces,—in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them;—who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ("Cloverfield"), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: "Surrender instantly; or—!" "We will expect you!" answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was "Sunday August 12th:" a very busy stormful day at Torgau here,—and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles-back all storms; furthermore makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be man-

aged by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday 13th, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor fieldpieces, the only artillery he has, 'cannot reach so far with leaden balls' (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflection, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favourablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honours, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.[10]

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rearguard to all this, Battalion Grollmann;—along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries-out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of "the Reichs Army, let him step-out: Durchlaucht will give him pro-"tection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving;—dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jägers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot-down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost

[10] In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, 'August 14th,' giv *in extenso*.

total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side,—'behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats;'—in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf,—who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassel, *halt*,"—gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, halt!—Front!—Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last);—and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, "Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; '*All desertion* "*strictly prohibited; no deserter to be received either on the Imperial or* "*on the Prussian side*'!" (Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.) "Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, "neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite "prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. "Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and "give fire!"

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, "ready" for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: "Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!" Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the *fewer*); will give Wolfersdorf "*command* of the Austrian Escort you are to have," and every satisfaction and assurance;—wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colours flying again, and a name mentionable ever since.[11]

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no admirer of "Feldmarschall Brühl" and Company?—at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such,—unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the

[11] Tempelhof, iii. 201-204; Seyfarth, ii. 562 n., and *Beylagen*, i. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.

18th-19th Aug. 1759.

Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);[12] Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

'Few days after Kunersdorf,' says a Note, which should be inserted here, 'there had fallen-out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, with new Flatbottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis.

'*Sea-Fight* (*properly Sea-Hunt of* 200 *miles*), *in the Cadiz Waters, August* 18*th*-19*th*. The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, to be "mistress of the Mediterranean," has found itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes), cooped in harbour all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July—4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

'August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in dishabille or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. "Meaning," as Boscawen guesses, "to be through the Straits this very night!" By power of dispatch, the dishabille ships were rapidly got buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase; the game being now in view,—going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (*Saturday August* 18*th*) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen

[12] Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.

'fought and chased the Toulon Fleet, for 24 hours coming; drove it 'finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big 'ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and 'water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a 'ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there 'calm; now favouring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had 'dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bit-'terly how his Captains lagged, or shore-off and forsook him. Bos-'cawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was 'heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: '"It is well; but it might have been better!"[13]

'De la Clue,—fallen long ago from all notions of "dominating 'the Mediterranean,"—had modestly intended to get through, on any 'terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the grand '"Invasion Squadron," now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the fur-'nishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of 'Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest outlook in compari-'son;—and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand Inva-'sion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still holds-up his 'head in Brest Harbour, and talks big. Makes little of Rodney's 'havoc on the Flatbottoms at Havre, "Will soon have Flatbottoms 'again; and you shall see!"—if only Hawke, and wind and weather 'and Fortune, will permit.'

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th —September 4th): *Diary of what is called the "Siege" of Dresden.*

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the north-east or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from north-west. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going-on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its north-western Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts: and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk-up in that manner; were

[13] Beatson, ii. 313-9; ib. iii. 237-8, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch; —Boscawen's Despatch, &c., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.

not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise,—all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it,—the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums* and authentic records, to render that possible and easy.[14]

'Ever since the rumour of Kunersdorf,' says one Diarium, compiled out of many, 'in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau's need 'of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his outlooks be-'coming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison for num-'ber (3,700 in all[15]), and not of the best quality; deserters a good few 'of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of ad-'venturous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He 'has endless stores in the place; for one item, almost a million sterling 'of ready-money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, has suddenly be-'come the Leonidas of this Campaign, Dresden its Thermopylæ; and' —But readers can conceive the situation.

'*August 20th*, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of 'Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and inde-'fensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the 'River-bank, blow-up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict him-'self to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope 'that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, in 'that way too, and may at least gain time.

'*August 25th*, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the 'Bridge: "mine ill-made, uncertain of effect," reports the Officer 'whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumour 'of it kept-off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau 'receives that unfortunate Royal Missive[16] written in the dark days of 'Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August),' which we read above. 'That there is another Letter on the road for him, in-'dicating "Relief shall be tried," is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally

[14] In *Tempelhof* (iii. 210-216-222) complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 371-377) express '*Day-book*' by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

[15] Schmettau's *Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

[16] Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has 'August 27th.'

'continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), 'General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wol- 'fersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged 'frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to- 'morrow night,—did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in 'the way of rumour, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal 'thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like 'his. In his place one might have, at least, shot-out a spy or two? 'But he did not, then or afterwards.

'Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those 'parts, he has been labouring under many uncertainties; too many for 'a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quit- 'ting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, 'but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly 'the Bridge pavement, then again visibly restoring it;—and, I think, 'though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neu- 'stadt a great deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not needful to 'him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He 'has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

'Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his 'soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless in- 'tricacy,—if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altoge- 'ther. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities as a man and 'captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau 'has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Fried- 'rich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This is 'Saturday night 25th August: before Tuesday week (September 4th) 'there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had 'Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. 'What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated 'to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not, and should not, after 'a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read 'the King's true meaning, as well as the King's momentary humour, 'in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did 'not read the King's true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary 'humour; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death,— 'or "seeing" in that way "whether he could not defend himself,"— 'with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

'*Sunday August 26th,* Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from 'Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmet- 'tau. Summons duly truculent: "Resistance vain; the more you 'resist, the worse it will be,—and there is a worst" (that of being 'delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man), "of which why 'should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to 'the Kur-Prinz" (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook- backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom

we used so beautifully), "imagine what your fate will be!"—To which 'Schmettau answers: "Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the 'common rules of behaviour to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, 'Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if 'we did *not* do them;"—and, in short, our answer again is, in polite 'forms, "Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!" Upon which the 'Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot 'earnest to clearing-out his goods from the Neustadt; building with 'huge intertwisted cross-beams and stone and earth-masses a Battery 'at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it, below and 'above;—locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday,—'though divine service goes on as usual.

'Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in 'quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of the 'Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily 'filled with earth. "If you fire one cannon-ball across on us," said 'Schmettau, "I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes" '(I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder): "be warned!" 'Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and 'Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Bat-'tery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make 'polite answer to every thing; intend going down into the "*Apotheke*" '(Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there 'when the cannonade begins.

'This same *Sunday August 26th*, Maguire arrived; and set in-'stantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: 'at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. 'Reichsfolk, Zweibrück in person, come all in on Wednesday; post 'themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more im-'portant, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through 'the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth 'day hence.[17] Korbitz (halfway out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's 'headquarter:—Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at 'least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glanc-'ing on these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good deal 'to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kessels-'dorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano 'post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand-'in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked-out, 13 'cannon-batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that 'truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir 'of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pour-'ing-in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. 'Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, 'and as follows:

'*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and

[17] Tempelhof, p. 210.

'day, "palisading the River," and much else,—discloses (that is, 'Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gal-'lows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled "For Plunderers, 'Mutineers and their Helpers."[18] The Austrian heavy guns are not yet 'in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about 'everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as they 'have. This same Thursday morning, two or three battalions of them 'rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the Prussian Guard-parties there. 'Schmettau instantly dispatches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet:—"Durchlaucht, have the goodness to recall these Croat Parties; other-'wise the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this 'Messenger, may it please Durchlaucht. For we have computed the 'time; and will not wait beyond what is reasonable for his return!" 'Zweibrück is mere indignation and astonishment; "will burn Halle," 'burn Quedlinburg, Berlin itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's 'Dominion in general:—the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna 'Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o'clock.

'Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on 'Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept-up wherever 'Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with what ar-'tillery he has:—not much damage done, I should think, though a 'great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday September 1st), our 'Diarist notes, "Not safe to walk the streets this day." But, in effect, 'the Siege, as they call it,—which fell dead on the fifth day, and was 'never well alive,—consists mainly of menace and counter-menace, in 'the way of bargain-making and negotiation;—and, so far as I can gather, 'that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, though built into batteries, 'and talked about in a bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

'Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I dare 'say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feeling,—'"calls a Council of War," and the like. Council of War, on sight 'of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: "Surely, surely, 'Excellenz; no defence possible!" Which is a prophecy and a fulfil-'ment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot-forth a spy or two, 'to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was pass-'ing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his own Walls, 'the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems con-'tent it should be so.

'*Sunday September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was very 'loud, and had been so all night, divine service was held as usual, 'streets safe again,—Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. 'About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, 'stepping-out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; '"wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency." Granted at 'once; witnesses attending on both sides. "Defence is impossible; 'in the name of humanity, consider!" urges Maguire. "Defence to

[18] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 373.

'the last man of us is certain," answers Schmettau, from the teeth 'outwards;—but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by 'extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms 'will inflexibly be. Upon which there is "Armistice till Tomorrow:" 'and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the 'enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well aware of what 'is passing in these neighbourhoods (General Wunsch back at Wit- 'tenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are grow- 'ing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

'*Monday September 3d*, The death-day of the Siege; an uncom- 'monly busy day,—though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and 'soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by 'cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the suc- 'cessive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning Ma- 'guire had his Messenger in Dresden, "Your Excellency's Paper 'ready?" "Nearly ready," answers Schmettau; "we will send it 'by a Messenger of our own." And about eleven of the day Maguire 'does get it;—the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) 'handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. "Pshaw, this will 'never do," ejaculates Maguire; "terms irrationally high!" Captain 'Kollas "knows nothing of what is *in* the Paper; and is charged only 'to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz." Excellenz, before writing, '"will have to consult with Durchlaucht;" can, however, as if con- 'fidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on 'my honour, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and 'every man of it put to the sword. "The Garrison will expect that '(*wird Das erwarten*)," said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with 'the proper bow.[19] Something interesting to us in these Military diplo- 'matic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness 'stiff as iron!

'Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach 'Schmettau: "Such Terms never could be accepted."—"Good," 'answers Schmettau: "To our last breath no others will be offered." 'And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the 'order, "Go on, then, night and day!"

'About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, 'whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, 'beats Appeal on the Bridge: "Inform the Commandant that there 'will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers 'open on him, unless he bethinks himself!" Which dreadful message 'is taken to Schmettau. "Wish the gentleman good-evening," orders 'Schmettau; "and say we will answer with 100 guns." Upon which 'Guasco vanishes;—but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; 'requests "a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again." "There 'it still is," answers Schmettau, "not altered, nor ever shall be." 'And there is Armistice again:—and the Siege, as turns out, has fired

[19] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

'its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, 'which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand 'clearly that his terms (of the King's own suggesting, as Schmettau 'flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him 'to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping 'to mend matters.

'Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning '(Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till '11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later,—Guasco and others 'coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: "Durch- 'laucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; 'all is right, upon my honour!" Very great hurry evident on the part 'of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, 'dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmet- 'tau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge,—"rain 'falling very heavy." Durchlaucht's signature, Maguire is astonished 'to say, has not yet come; but Maguire pledges his honour "that all 'shall be kept without chicane;" and adds (what to some of us seemed 'not superfluous afterwards), "I am incapable of acting falsely or with 'chicane." In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by 'Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand 'and his honour, the Siege entirely gave-up the ghost; and Dresden 'belonged to Austria. Tuesday Evening 4th September 1759; Sun 'just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

'Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of 'haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement 'on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Con- 'siderable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of 'symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; 'whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. 'The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting-up the her- 'ring-bone balks; and approaching our Blockhouse,—sooner than was 'expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate, to share 'it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible 'to the man) was waiting; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter 'of Friedrich's, "Courage; there is relief on the road!" Poor 'Schmettau!'

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed,—except by one symptom: that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: "How is this, Sir?" inquires he of

4th Sept. 1759.

Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order-out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!" Sydow hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls-out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring-out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down,—send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: "I think as Hoff-" man did. If he was 'drunk,' it is pity the Governor and all " the Garrison had not been so, to have come to the same " judgment as he."[20] Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter,—which are not expressed except coldly in business form,—can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befell him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph;—missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness,—which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: "General Wunsch within ten miles" (took Torgau in no-time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past); "and will be here before we sleep!" Durchlaucht plunged-out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry-off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurrying-off an hour before them,—Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness,

[20] P.S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, 'Waldau, 11th September 1759' (Preuss, ii.: *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45).

his people and he ;—and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew-out the poor Reichs Garrison there by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of 'an Officer and Trumpet:'—he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, 'Monday 3d September' (death-day of the Siege), 'very early.'

'He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it;—and would 'have done it, think judges, half-thinks Zweibrück himself: such a 'fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At '4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of his being on march: "numbers 'uncertain"—(numbers seemingly not the important point,—blows any 'number of *us* about our business!)—and since that moment Zwei-'brück has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the flurried 'Schmettau suspected nothing.

'Afternoon of *Tuesday 4th*, Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had 'detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grödel, a 'boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; also to see 'if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up thither. At Grödel, 'Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, 'new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published 'when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur 'to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Vil-'lage, That there are some thirty Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:—'"Possible these may escape General Wunsch!" thinks Wolfersdorf; 'and decides to have them. Takes thirty men of his own; orders the 'other seventy to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, 'and follow more leisurely; and breaks-off for the Grossenhayn-Dres-'den Highway, to intercept those fellows.

'Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees 'also,—with what degree of horror I do not know,—that there are 'at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for 'Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold 'face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: '"Grenadiers, *march;* Dragoons, to right forwards, *wheel;* Hussars, '*forward:* MARCH!"—and does terrifically dash forward with the thirty 'Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. 'The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire-off their carbines; 'take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures '68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 'galloping home.[21] Who bring the above news to Durchlaucht of

[21] Tempelhof, iii. 214.

4th Sept. 1759.

'Zweibrück: "12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such 'the accounts we had!"—Fancy poor Schmettau's feelings!

'On the morrow Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing 'and battle, audible on the north side of the River: "before day-'break, and all day." It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody 'countries there. Durchlaucht had shot-out Generals and Divisions, 'Brentano, Wehla, this General and then that, to intercept Wunsch: 'these the fiery Wunsch,—almost as if they had been combustible ma-'terial coming to quench fire,—repels and dashes back, in a wonderful 'manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all 'day:—but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a sur-'prising circumstance.

'In the afternoon Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: '"Will answer you in two hours," said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon 'is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for 'Dresden,—and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, 'who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it 'faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. '"Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon to or from," say 'Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. "Schmettau must have 'capitulated!" conclude they, and withdraw in the night-time, still 'thunderous if molested; bivouack at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four 'hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of 'food.[22]

'Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Com-'mandant at Torgau: "Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with '14,000; I cannot long hold-out, unless relieved." Wunsch takes 'the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau 'late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight 'Kleefeld. Refreshes his men "with a keg of wine per Company," 'surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rear-'guard, "Be here with me tomorrow at 10." Wolfersdorf starts at 4, 'is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his Posi-'tion' (a Position strong *if* you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not,—part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming),—'flies at Kleefeld and his '14,000 like a cat-o'-mountain; takes him on the left flank:—Kleefeld 'and such overplus of thousands are standing a little to west-and-south 'of Torgau, with the *Entefang*' (a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*, still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there) 'as 'a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in 'comparison to Wunsch's;—and accordingly are cut to pieces by 'Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as their fellows have all been.'[23]

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden:

[22] *Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den 5 September 1759*: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606-608.

[23] *Hofbericht von der am 8 September 1759, bey Torgau, vorgefallenen Action*: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219-222.

but he is here lord of the Northern regions again,—nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand;—and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf,—Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737-39), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch at that time!—fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead;—a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: "an infernal Campaign," according to Friedrich, "*cette Campagne infernale.*"

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th) with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were,—Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther *sieges* of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth;—only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene:

Dresden, Saturday September 8th; Exit Schmettau. 'A thousand 'times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, "Why was I in such 'a hurry? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having cause!"—

5th-8th Sept. 1759.

'The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without signature: an 'unwise Capitulation; and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau 'was not to have marched till Monday 10th,—six clear days for pack- 'ing and preparing;—but, practically, he has to make three serve him; 'and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do 'arise, "upon my honour!"—not even the 800 wagons are ready for 'us; "Can't your baggages go in boats, then?" "No, nor shall!" 'answers Schmettau, with blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst; a 'Schmettau living all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such 'bullyings from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capi- 'tulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed: King's Ar- 'tillery,—which we had haggled for, and ended by "hoping for," to 'Maguire that rainy evening: why were we in such a hurry, too, and 'blind to Maguire's hurry!—King's Artillery, according to Durchlaucht 'of Zweibrück, when he actually signed within the walls, is "*Nicht* '*accordirt* (Not granted), except the Field part." King's regimental 'furnishings, all and sundry, were "*accordirt*, and without visitation," '—but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there 'must really be visitation, must be inspection. "May not some of 'them belong to Polish Majesty?" In which sad process of inspection 'there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting; and above half of 'the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which were ex- 'pressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: "20 of them are 'Saxon," cry the Austrians: "who knows if they are not almost all 'Saxon,"—upon my honour! At this rate, only wait a day or two, 'and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; and 'consents to 18 river-boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at 'once. Accordingly,

'*Saturday 8th*, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and 'people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neustadt; 'Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged on each 'side, in "espalier" they call it,—espalier with gaps in it every here 'and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so dis- 'posed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two 'Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, can- 'non, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with the rearguard, 'Madam Schmettau's well in the van:—in two other carriages are 'two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers.[24] "Managers of Saxon 'Finance," these Two;—who will have to manage elsewhere than in 'Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit veritably there, with 'their multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely no- 'thing,—except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who "died of apoplexy 'in June following," is probably of pursy red-nosed type; and that 'Borck, for certain, has a very fine face and figure; delicacy, cheerful 'dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of 'him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my acci-

[24] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 376.

'dental behoof.[25] Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and 'flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, "old as the Devil" (whom 'I have had much trouble to identify), forming visible part of this 'dismal Procession: the bright eye of Borck not smiling as usual, but 'clouded, though impassive! But that of Borck or his Limners is not 'the point.

'The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a mass 'of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two. And no sooner 'is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Austrian part, 'and continues all the way, loud invitation, "Whosoever is a brave 'Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the 'espalier, don't you see!" And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage 'and cavalry intervening,—nobody can reach Schmettau. Here is a 'way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers struggle stoutly; 'but are bellowed-at, struck-at, menaced by bayonet and bullet,—none 'of them shot, I think, but a good several of them cut and wounded; '—the Austrian Officers themselves in passionate points behaving 'shamefully, "Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) heretic 'dogs;" and being throughout evidently in a hot shivery frame of 'mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was such a Procession; spite, 'rage and lawless revenge blazing out more and more. On the whole, 'there deserted, through those gaps of the espalier, about half of the 'whole Garrison. On Madam Schmettau's hammercloth there sat, in 'the Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognisable by keen eyes 'as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for 'Schmettau, and brought many persons into trouble: him they tear-'down, and trample hither and thither,—at last, into some Guard-'house near by.'[26]

Schmettau's Protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point "heartily sorry for the insult to your "Excellency's livery; and here the man is, with a thousand "apologies"), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: "Halt at "Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bar-"gained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them "home at once, and out of your sight." Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

[25] *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck* (*Pesne pinxit*, 1732; *Schmidt, sculptor Regis, sculpsit, Berolini*, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

[26] The Schmettau *Diarium* in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 364-376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611-621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, &c. &c.

8th Sept. 1759.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it."[27] Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess,—and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade,—but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of 300*l.* a year. "Be thankful you have not had your head struck-off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honourable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;[28] 'sent the King' once,—in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject,—'a *Journal*,' which he had elaborated for himself, '*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West Preussen*;' which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau. A completely retired old man; studious, social,—the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars:—nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was

[27] 'Waldau, 10th September 1759:' in Preuss, ii. *Urkunden*. p. 44.

[28] See *Leben* (by his Son, 'Captain Schmettau;' a modest intelligent Book), pp. 440-47.

well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother, —who was a distinguished Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator,—had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.[29] But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: "Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!" "Umph!" answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: "Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!" Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday 10th,—as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting-up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer "is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison" (fancy Finck's sudden stare!);—"last night they lodged at Gross-Döbritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?" "Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Döbritz on the instant," answers Finck grimly; "I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners, otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.[30]

Finck,—let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere,—pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau;

[29] *Bavarian War of* 1778, by the Feldmarschall's Son; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

[30] Tempelhof, iii. 237.

joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th): recaptures all those north-western garrisons, —multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way ('*Action of Korbitz*' they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvring about, here bitten-in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;[31] who saw good to draw-off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment, —in a moment of crisis,—as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be:—but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it, is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course,—and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians!—

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly-devised Detachments, far and wide,—from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west;—dike of eighty miles long, and in some eastern parts of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken

[31] *Hofbericht von der am 21 September bey Korbitz* (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread 'Action') *vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621-630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.

Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us;—and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind,—and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for himself and Soltikof,—long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland;—and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th-13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot-out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King,"—still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has

Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa:—here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles,—with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business,—(and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?),—ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled-down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest:

Of Fouquet at Landshut. 'Fouquet was twice attacked at Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was by 'Deville; attack second by Harsch. Early in July, not long after 'Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, 'and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, and *vice versâ*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but 'sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun 'thereupon summoned out of those parts, "Hitherward to Mark-Lissa 'with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!"[1]

'After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, 'was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left 'General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and 'was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri,—when Harsch' (Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual) 'thought 'here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to 'swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry-off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim 'in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell-out sharp fencings at 'Landshut:—especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till "a couple of cannon open on them from 'the next Hill,"—till some violent Werner or other charge-in upon

[1] *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 582-586.

'them with Prussian Hussars;—a desperate tussle, that special one of 'Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts 'of pistols and blows on the face:[2] till, in short, Harsch finds he can 'make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet 'come.' This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing compliment, "You deserve, all of "you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again;—do readers remember it, "on the day of Zorndorf," last year? 'This 'year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentleman 'with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, "with the 'honours of war," poor old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict 'the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.[3] I will forget who 'took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard so 'much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on Berlin 'that year,—and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, if he did 'Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick has been 'most industrious, "guarding the Russian flank,"—standing between 'the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Müllrose, to Liebe'rose;—but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick 'was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck:—and readers 'know already what he made of these Two in the "Action at Kor'bitz, September 21st,"—and shall hear soon what befell Haddick 'himself in consequence.'

Colonel Hordt is captured. 'It was in that final marching of Solti'kof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of 'the Free Corps *Hordt*, was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging 'on Soltikof's right flank on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it 'was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having 'gone to the girths in a bog.[4] Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction,—'a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had 'gone into "Brahe's Plot," years since, Plot on behalf of the poor 'Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life),—Hordt now might have 'fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, "Touch a hair of him, 'retaliation follows on the instant!" He was carried to Petersburg; '"lay twenty-six months and three days" in solitary durance there; 'and we may hear a word from him again.

Ziethen almost captured. 'Prince Henri, in the last days of August,

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 238: 31st August. [3] Ibid. 231: 27th August.

[4] *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), ii. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235-6) clear account, 'Trebatsch, September 4th.'

15th-25th Sept. 1759.

'marched to Sagan in person;[5] Ziethen along with him; multifariously 'manœuvring "to regain communication with the King." Of course, 'with no want of counter-manœuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly-'devised detachments and assiduous small measures on the part of 'Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; 'that of cutting-out Ziethen from the Sagan neighbourhood. And 'would have done it, they say,—had not he been too cunctatory. Sep-'tember 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little Town of Sorau, had 'very nearly been cut-off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan 'a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particu-'lar,—with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from 'the west, and two others from the north and from the south, who 'are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Zietheners. A well-laid 'scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there 'aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed 'some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which 'convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a 'whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at 'Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could 'not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than 'Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught 'him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with 'his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, 'got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, 'or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with 'interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon 'Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to Sagan 'that night,—owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own 'activity and luck.'[6]

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ('the first *Jäger*,' or regular express 'from the King, arrived September 13th'[7]): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?"—and coöperate

[5] Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August. [6] Ibid. 233. [7] Ibid. 207.

sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege,—that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

'A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to 'move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a 'stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's 'absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau 'Country; first of all upon Friedland,—the Zittau Friedland, for there 'are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stutterheim summons Fried-'land, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day hastens 'on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that 'the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage 'forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting 'Zittau as too tedious, hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the '*un*burnt remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. . Nor is Ziethen 'idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or 'Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince 'Henri being so near.

'Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-con-'duit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof and me? Daun 'is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indignantly 'cashiers Deville, "Why did not you attack these Ziethen people? 'Had not you 10,000, Sir?" Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking; '—does not himself attack: but carts away the important Görlitz 'magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one; sits-'down on the lid of that (according to wont); shoots-out O'Donnell '(an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and takes every precaution. 'Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, coalesces again; walks into 'Görlitz; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys 'Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld's Hill!),—and watches a little 'how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from 'Bautzen, seated on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise.'

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries;—as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal?—This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try; for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); *after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action.*

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. "Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags! Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march tomorrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal!" And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and prevailed with difficulty. "One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun," urges Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof.—"Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and dispatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest council is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun. "Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform."[8]—An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks-up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. 'Bautzen, Saturday 15th September, early in the morning,' that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours be-

[8] Tempelhof, iii. 247-249.

fore, 'on Thursday 13th, about 10 A.M., in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice at a time more convenient.—

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th-16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th-24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past—Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points:

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September).

No. 1. '*To Prince Ferdinand* (at Berlin).' Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man,—giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

"Waldau, 10th September 1759.

"Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated,—the very day "while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns" (north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation). "Wunsch went "back to Torgau, which St. André, with 14,000 Reichs-people under "him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, "kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon and some "standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the "Prince of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden" (hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon). "I trust before long to "get all these people gathered round Dresden, and our own Country "rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of the Campaign.

"Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg" (wounded at Kunersdorf), "and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is "now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure "him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, "he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite good; "be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is yet some "fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal of "care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months ahead of "me before ending this Campaign. Within that time, there will be, "God knows what upshot."[9]—This is 'September 10th:' the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. '*To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha*' (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer:

"Sagan, 22d September 1759.

"Madam,—I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, to "which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it is "not through your hands, Madam, that my Correspondence with V." (with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full) "ought to be made to "pass! Nevertheless, in present circumstances, I will presume to beg "that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which "I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made "me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, "to have this con-"veyed to your hand.

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

" If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for " developing them; but in these critical times I judge it better not; " and will restrict myself to simple assurances of—" F.

No. 3. '*To Voltaire*, at the Délices' (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:

'Sagan, 22d September 1759.

' The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never ' received your "packet of the 29th:" communications all interrupted ' here; " with much trouble I get this passed-on to you, if it is happy " enough to pass.

" My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I ex- " pect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:—it " appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive " on this article is, That I have honour for ten; and that, whatever " misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to " wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sensitive " and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en preux " chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think " like tradesmen.

" I know nothing of what you have been telling me about" (your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humours): "but " for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart " from: 1°. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies" (Hessen and England; I have no other); " 2°. To make it honourable and " glorious. Observe you, I have still honour remaining; I will pre- " serve that, at the price of my blood.

" If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which " contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions " of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and " obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to " return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had " run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid " fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his " Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. " Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfor- " tunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that " of Cadiz" (Boscawen *versus* De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and " the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the " French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

" This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose- " water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze,—my present enemies " even, whom I could cite" (Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when

15th-25th Sept. 1759.

your Belleisle set-out to cut her in Four),—" were of no softer temper " either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything " for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. " This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the " ways of correspondence will be freer.—F."[10]

No. 4. '*To Prince Ferdinand.*' Two days later: has got on foot again,—end of his first march upon Soltikof again:

'Baunau, 24th September 1759.

"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," Würtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. " You may well suppose that in " the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, anxieties; " it is the frightfulest crisis I have had in my life. This is the mo- " ment for dying unless one conquer. Daun and my Brother Henri " are marching side by side" (not exactly !). " It is possible enough " all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general Battle " may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of your health, " dear Brother.—F."[11]

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by;—and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges tomorrow morning (September 25th), has not been "marching side by side with Daun," but at a pretty distance from that gentleman !—

Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: "No Glogau for you!" They stand agape for some time; then think, "Well then, Breslau !" Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: "No Breslau either!" In effect, it is hopeless; and we may leave the two manœuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. " Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honour. But in the north-west part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz ?"—And the actual truth is, Wunsch has

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60, 61. [11] Ib. xxvi. 545.

taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their '*Action of Korbitz*,' and be sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumbscrews on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the 'Action of Korbitz' (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden, —what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You, Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?"—and indignantly dismisses Haddick altogether: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!"[12] News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem;—like an oxgoad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September 22d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "Tomorrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!"[13]

"Tomorrow morning," yes:—but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri tomorrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention,—and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the lion-

[12] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258-261.

[13] Ib. iii. 253-256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228-234, 241-247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

springs usual with some people ; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron tomorrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage-columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp ; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item:—who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep-up the watchfires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg ;* in columns several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of tomorrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours,—hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide,—bringing-in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau:—"Gone north-east ; that way went his wagons ; these we saw with our eyes." "North-east? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough," thinks Daun: "Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?"—and hastens thither again, and sits-down on the magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started, —and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending north-east. "Gone to Glogau, to his Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!" thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humour, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive:—as it never will in this world! Read an important Note:

'To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty miles, 'the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the Russians 'and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or offer Prince 'Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the 'reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothen- 'burg "three hours" (speed is of all things the vitalest), Prince Henri 'starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight westward this time. Marches, 'with his best swiftness, with his best arrangements, through many 'sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles 'from Rothenburg;—direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of 'the Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

'At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouack again, for a few hours, '—"has no Camp, only waits three hours," is Archenholtz's phrase: 'but I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by 'their calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in 'arriving has had "three hours" of rest,—the earliest having perhaps 'gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, 'still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian Di- 'vision is: "Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla 'and his 3,000, and our March is over!" All this too Prince Henri 'manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to 'Wehla and his Master.

'Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, from 'the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously done, 'Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the north-west frontier; Bren- 'tano to a different point in that neighbourhood; where Brentano 'escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found 'it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, 'had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest 'western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck- 'Wunsch people, from whom is small likelihood of danger: from the 'eastern what danger can there be? A Letter of Daun's, some days ago, 'had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

'And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? 'Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! "Impossible!" ans- 'wered Wehla;—did get ready, however, what he could; Croat Regi- 'ments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points; 'labouring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But 'all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prus- 'sians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has 'the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods across the 'obstacles; cannonades Wehla both in front and rear; entirely swal- 'lows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the General himself, with 28 'Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners 'to us; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his 'own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in 'this manner, Tuesday September 25th:—metaphorically speaking,

25th Sept. 1759.

'the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable *two*fold meal (mili-'tary-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-'deserved rest.'[14]

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,[15] and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with Schmöttseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man,—but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be "arranging"), and no vestige of index,—is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.[16] In Archenholtz it is not *dated* at all; who merely says as follows: "Most extraordinary march ever made; went through 50 miles "of Country wholly in the Enemy's possession; lasted 56 "hours, in which long period there was no Camp pitched, and "only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During "the other 50 hours the march, day and night, continually pro-"ceeded. Ended (*no* date) in surprise of General Wehla at "Hoyerswerda, cutting-up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 "prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous," in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, "was the Prince's Adjutant."[17]

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat,—though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, "There is but one of us that never committed a mistake." A highly ingenious dextrous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither;—and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck,—which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the

[14] Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen;* &c. [15] Seyfarth, ii. 545.
[16] Tempelhof, iii. 253-258. [17] Archenholtz, i. 426.

March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall, ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th—October 24th) *to get the Russians sent Home; and Himself falls lamed with Gout.*

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof,—every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them; and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short-cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War[18]): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustädtel here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking-out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädtel;[19] is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. 'September 24th,' it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau,—was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence;—did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory."[20] Astonishing how he blazed-out again, quite into his

[18] Suprà, p. 207; ib. vol. iv. p. 138. [19] Tempelhof, iii. 293; Retzow, ii. 163.
[20] Retzow, ii. 163.

old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another,—I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult:—of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humour, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favour to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an '*Essay* on the *Coup-d'œil Militaire*,' over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the Ms., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (*Er*) will "do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than to write "upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank; Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnstadt and other poor places,—on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,[21] which produced the 'beautiful retreat' of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once,—whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this outmanœuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With 21,000 your beaten and maltreated

[21] 'Near Guhrau' (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), '12th October 1704:' vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. iii.), *Œuvres*, xxx. 142-5.

"Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, "and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry; especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "Oh Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal."—"Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout; —absolutely lamed; for three weeks cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*,—not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again;[22]—which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as 'horrible.' One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free-Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden elsewhither." By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humour.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.[23] Home verily, in spite of Montalembert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excel-

[22] *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 69-88).

[23] Tempelhof, iii. 299, 291-300 (general account, abundantly minute).

lency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excellency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschen Country as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more,—waited-on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given."[24] *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.[25] The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully intrenched,[26] —where traces of him will turn-up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes labouring on this side and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvring it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind;—given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed

[24] Tempelhof, iii. 328-331.
[25] Rödenbeck, i. 396.
[26] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th-17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun 'quits his Camp of Belgern' for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

(if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier;—but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting-out on hilltops, too,—and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg![27] On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall-back Dresden-ward, and altogether take himself away.[28]

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000;—November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumour to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday September 15th* having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause,—we will glance at the far more important *Thursday 13th*, other side the Ocean:

Above Quebec, Night of September 12th-13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in

[27] Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634-637), '*Hofbericht von der am 29 October 1759 bey Meuro*' (chiefly *bey Pretsch*) '*vorgefallenen Action;*' ib. ii. 543 n.
[28] Tempelhof, iii. 287-289.

boats; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!"[29] Next morning (Thursday 13th September 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled-up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you not one shot till they are within thirty yards." And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till *at* thirty yards the stones become vocal,—and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the agony was done; 'English falling-on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;' fierce pursuit, rout total:—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman;[30] and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way?

[29] Professor Robison, then a Naval junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*,—in *Transactions* of Royal Society of Edinburgh, vii. 495 et seq.

[30] The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing in the *Seyfarth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way,—could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it!—Details are in Beatson (quite another 'Beatson'), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300-308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217-222,

The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing-out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying-up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, —which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere,—gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ('Quebec, 24th August 1759'), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hairsbreadth, not only the way 'M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;' but also,—with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775-7, and perhaps still more in the years 1860-3,—what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes;—and one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points,—the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day:

Montcalm to a Cousin in France.

"Camp before Quebec, 24th August 1759.

"*Monsieur et cher Cousin*,—Here I am, for more than three months "past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or night to bom- "bard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled in the Siege "of a Place one intends to retain after taking it." . . . 'Will never 'take it in that way, however, by attacking from the River or south 'shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch nearer 'his object than he was three months ago; and in one month more 'the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away.—Quebec, 'then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good 'as safe? "Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec "depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand"—(But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First):

"*La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont "maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente sur la rive "où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située. Les voilà "en état de me présenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et "que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son métier, "n'a qu'à essuyer le premier feu, venir ensuite à grands pas sur mon*

" *armée, faire à bout portant sa décharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline,* " *sourds à la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par* " *cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs* " *sans baïonettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste qu'à* " *fuir,—et me voilà battu sans ressource.*" (This is a curiously exact Prediction!) 'I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this stage of 'our affairs, means loss of America altogether: " *il est des situations* " *où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec honneur.*"—" *Mes* " *sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans* " *le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.*

" *Je me consolerai du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de la Colonie,* " *par l'intime persuasion où je suis*" (Prediction Second, which is still more curious), " *que cette défaite vaudra, un jour, à ma Patrie plus* " *qu'une victoire; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouvera un* " *tombeau dans son agrandissement même.*

" *Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe:* " *mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la situation* " *des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion brillera dans tout* " *son jour.*" 'Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him: *voilà* 'les hommes; *gêne* of any kind a nuisance to them; and of all men in 'the world *les Anglais* are the most impatient of obeying anybody. " *Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais* " *d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces* " *hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces temps de trouble où l'ancienne Angle-* " *terre, en proie aux divisions, était attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits;* " *et allèrent chercher en Amérique une terre où ils pûssent vivre et mourir* " *libres et presque indépendants:—et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des* " *sentimens républicains de leurs pères. D'autres sont des hommes ennemis* " *de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le gouvernement y a trans-* " *portés pour leurs crimes. D'autres, enfin, sont un ramas de différentes* " *nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent très-peu à l'ancienne Angleterre par* " *le cœur et le sentiment; tous, en général, ne ce soucient guères du Roi* " *ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.*

" *Je les connais bien,—non sur des rapports étrangers, mais sur des* " *correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai moi-même menagées;* " *et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie, je pourrai faire usage à l'avant-* " *age de ma Patrie. Pour surcroît de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons* " *sont parvenues, dans un état très-florissant; ils sont nombreux et* " *riches:—ils recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de* " *la vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe, pour leur* " *laisser établir chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manufactures:—c'est à* " *dire, qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaîne de besoins qui les liait, qui* " *les attachait à elle, et qui les fait dépendants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies* " *Anglaises auraient-elles depuis longtemps secoué le joug, chaque province* " *aurait formé une petite république indépendante, si la crainte de voir* " *les Français à leur porte n'avait été un frein qui les avait retenu.* " *Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont préféré leurs compatriotes aux étrangers;*

" *prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obéir que le moins qu'ils pourraient.* " *Mais que le Canada vînt à être conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces Colons* " *ne fussent plus qu'une seul peuple,—et la première occasion où l'ancienne* " *Angleterre semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts, croyez-vous, mon cher* " *Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront ? Et qu'auraient-ils à craindre en se* " *révoltant ?*" * * " *Je suis si sûr de ce que j'écris, que je ne donnerais* " *pas dix ans après la conquête du Canada pour en voir l'accomplisse-* " *ment.*

" *Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du danger* " *imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie perdue pour* " *elle.*"[31]

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December 1742); in the terrible *Exilles* Business (July 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; 'sounding the River, and putting down buoys.' Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec;*—which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was 48 when he perished; Wolfe 33. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec, —shown to the idly curious to this day.[32]

It was on October 17th,—while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home

[31] In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from '*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer et De la Molé:* 1757-1759 (Londres, 1777),'—which is not in the British-Museum Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book. (*Note of First Edition*, 1865.)

'A Copy is in the *Boston Athenæum Library*, New-England: it is a Pamphlet 'rather than a Book: contains Two Letters to Berryer *Ministre de la Marine*, be- 'sides this to Molé the Cousin: Publisher is the noted J. Almon,—in French and 'English.' (From *Boston Sunday Courier*, of 19th April 1868, where this Letter is reproduced.)

In the Temple Library, London, I have since found a Copy: and, on strict survey, am obliged to pronounce the whole Pamphlet *a Forgery*,—especially the Two Letters to "Berryer *Minister of Marine;*" who was not yet Minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be, for many months after the date of these Letters addressed to him as such! Internal evidence too, were such at all wanted, is abundant in these *Berryer* Letters; which are of gross and almost stupid structure in comparison to the *Molé* one. As this latter has already got into various Books, and been argued of in Parliaments and high places (Lord Shelburne asserting it to be spurious, Lord Mansfield to be genuine: *Report of Parliamentary Debates* in *Gentleman's Magazine* for *November* and for *December* 1777, pp. 515, 560),—it may be allowed to continue here in the *condemned* state. Forger, probably, some Ex-Canadian, or other American *Royalist*, anxious to do the Insurgent Party and their British Apologists an ill turn, in that critical year;—had shot-off his Pamphlet to voracious Almon; who prints without preface or criticism, and even without correcting the press. (*Note of July* 1868.)

[32] Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.

(went that day week),—that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. 'The incidents of Dra-'matic Fiction,' says one who was sharer in it, 'could not have 'been conducted with more address to lead an audience from 'despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had here 'prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. They 'despaired; they triumphed; and they wept,—for Wolfe had 'fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonish-'ment, were painted in every countenance: the more they 'inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident 'but was heroic and affecting.'[33] America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogise him, is still recognisably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a week all Summer but has been a "crisis, in which I have not known whether I should not "be torn to pieces, instead of being commended, as now by "the Honourable Member. The hand of Divine Providence; "the more a man is versed in business, the more he every-"where traces that!" . . . "Success has given us unanimity, "not unanimity success. For my own poor share, I could "not have dared as I have done, except in these times. "Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been so "circumstanced to dare so much." . . . "I think the stone "almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us have a care; "it may rebound, and hideously drag us down with it again."[34]

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the

[33] Walpole, iii. 219 [34] Ib. iii. 225; Thackeray, i. 446.

Clack of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland,—and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being,—King really of the Friedrich type;—and rules Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: "Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing;—and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favour with universal England;—and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality,—at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance,—of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude,—had answered, in his long-winded, intertwisted, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie,—that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth."[35] January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel;—and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within twelve months more,—Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderago side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in

[35] In *Thackeray*, ii. 421-452, Pownal's intricate *Report* (his "*Discourse*," or whatever he calls it, "*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*," his &c. &c.), of date '15th January 1758.'

condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we call noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.[36] Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally, —a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind,—had instantly, on sight of some small Succours from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondichery; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. "My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula*," wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be No *Frenchman*, and there is one word in the five to be altered!—Of poor Lally, zealous and furious over-much, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used "man of genius" I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt's Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing,—except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.[37] "Gained Fontenoy for us," said many persons;—undoubtedly gained various things for us,

[36] Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ('Montreal, 8th September 1760'), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson*, iii. 274-283.

[37] 28th April 1758, Lands at Pondichery; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money;—goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, &c., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dismally upon Pondichery,—to mere indigence, mutiny ('ten mutinies'), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Pondichery. April 1760, Is besieged in Pondichery. 16th January 1761, Is taken, Pondichery, French India and he;—to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September 1761, Arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May 1766, To be *beheaded*,—9th May *was*. See *Beatson*, ii. 369-372, 96-110, &c.; Voltaire (*Fragments sur l'Inde*), in *Œuvres*, xxix. 183-253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.[38]

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

NOVEMBER 6th-8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined, —not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros seemed actually about lifting himself,—when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.[1]

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's headquarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to southeastward ahead; loath to go, but actually obliged),—it was there, Tuesday November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humour,—like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three-months oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri!" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

[38] Speech, 4th November, *supra*.

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 301-305

13th Nov 1759.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in: "The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already!" laughed he: "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil,"—not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit,—and sheer stabbing with the ox-goad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.[2] Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun: "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!"—and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick 'Action,' 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters);—where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating:—which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humour. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!"

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Daun, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humour; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now."[3] He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage;—nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind-feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and

[2] Retzow, ii. 168; Tempelhof, iii. 306.

[3] 'Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759,' and still more '19th November,' Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66).

though riskish, was not impossible?[4] Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village,—that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot-off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next Headquarter is to be;—and finds the King still in a fulminant condition; none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to "General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians,—what *was* their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us:—Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky Hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting-off, or threatening to cut-off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut-off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought: "an unfortunate Campaign; winding-up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear,—Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise; and might in good part have realised his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich;—and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See: Pride goes before a fall!"—

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General!"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that.

[4] Tempelhof, iii. 317, &c.

17th Nov. 1759.

Friedrich at last answers, impatiently: "You know I can't stand "making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die Difficultäten nicht leiden "kann; mache dass Er fort kommt*); contrive to get it done!" With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen; and scheme-out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday 15th, Finck gets on march; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg; reaches Dippoldiswalde:—"Freyberg is to be my Magazine," considers Finck; "Dippoldiswalde my halfway house; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts." Friday 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men: in a most intersected, intertwisted Hill Country; full of gullets, dells and winding brooks;—it is forecourt of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east;*—in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts: by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill-country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal,—what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess,—there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne* Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine; and has others in view for the same fate.[5] An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden; Saturday 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen'sche Grund*); an impassable Chasm, with sheer steeps on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country: thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is; none better in the world: a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side,—high especially on the Daun, or south side;—headquarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making-up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's headquarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbour.

Daun,—urged-on by Lacy, they say,—is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills.

* Map, p. 231 *a*.

[5] Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, '19th November 1759.

Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun, with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them) moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or north-westward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to south-eastward of Finck, other part stealing-on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing-in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw-in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday 18th, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain, that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, south-eastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?"—and dispatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it,—vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich dispatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked-up all the rest. The Ziethen *Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it:

Friedrich's Letter (*Wilsdruf, 18th November* 1759). "My dear "General-Lieutenant von Finck,—I send you the enclosed *Report* "from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen "from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and necessary "measures. I am your well-affectioned King,—F." The Enclosure is as follows:

General Ziethen's Report (*Kesselsdorf, 18th November* 1759). 'To 'your Royal Majesty, send' (no pronoun "I" allowed) 'herewith a 'Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere 'with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league be-

20th Nov. 1759.

'hind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano' (Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla), 'as this Deserter heard 'last night in Daun's headquarter,—which is in the southern Suburb 'of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden,—was yesterday to 'have been in Döhlen' (looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell), 'but was not there any longer,' as our Deserter passed, 'and it was said that he had gone to Maxen at three in the afternoon.'[6]

Thus curtly is Finck authorised to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own hand: "*Er "wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren einen Gang haben,* "—Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a bout, I "suppose."

Finck, from his own Hilltop, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees;—and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words "a bout" still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called-in his outposts ("Was not I ordered?" thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him;—Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total they are as 4 to 1 of Finck:—a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something:—unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday 20th*), appeared on the ground again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted, —from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigour.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-

[6] Tempelhof, iii. 309.

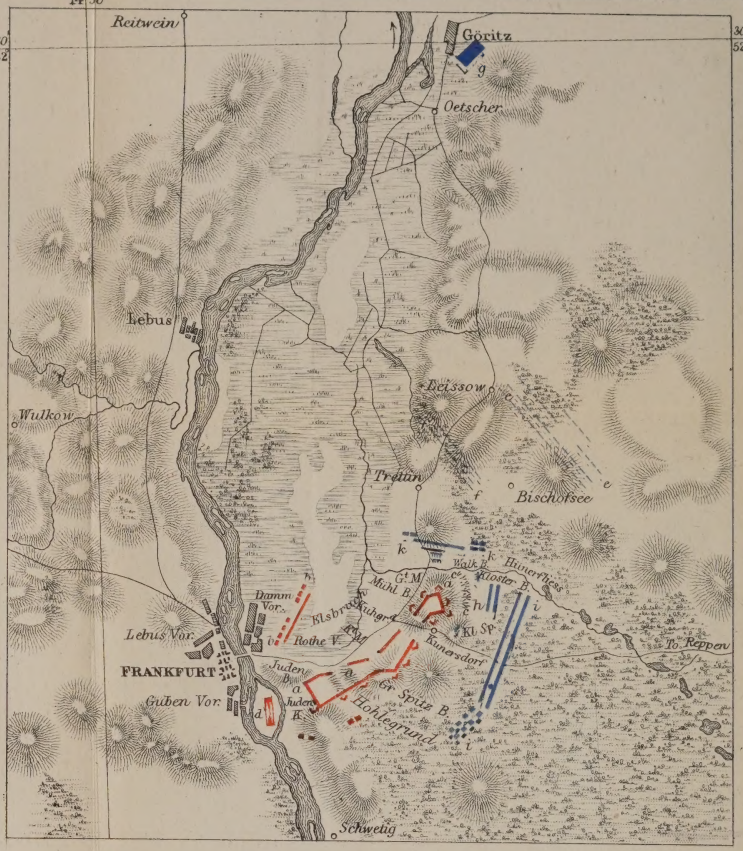
road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he,—again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played-upon by endless Pandours, 'issuing from a wood near by,' with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another;—and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitering, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be,—"on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohnitz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks," it appears;—and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle:—the obtuse vertex of which (if readers care to look on their Map) is Trohnitz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming.* On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohnitz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country,—'Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower,'—and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual

* Sketch of Plan at p. 231 *a*.

Vol. Wp. 374 a.



BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

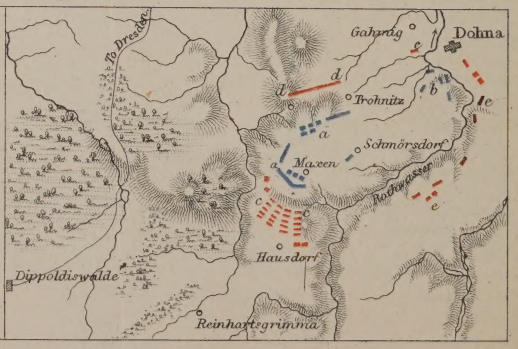
12TH AUGUST 1759.

a. a. a. Russian Army. b. b. Austrians, under Loudon.
c. c. Russian Abattis. d. Russian Wagenburg.
e. e. Position of Prussian Army Evening of 11th. f. f. Vanguard, under Fink.
g. Prussian heavy Baggage.
h. Attack of Prussian Grenadiers. i. i. Prussian main Army.
k. k. Fink's line of Attack.

BATTLE OF MAXEN.

20TH NOVEMBER 1759.

a. a. Prussian Army.
b. Prussian Detatchment, under Wunsch.
c. c. Austrian Attack under Daun.
d. d. Attack of Brentano, and Sincere.
e. e. e. Reichs Army.



20th Nov. 1759.

cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it.[7]

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the Maxen Post; they 'enter Maxen with great shoutings;' extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village 'on fire in every part.' Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf Finck pushes-out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks,—and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held-back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him,—the equal heart may at least pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours: other side that Red Water there are roads;—perish or get through!" And the Generals (who are rallied now 'on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz,' midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it,—though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post on the

[7] Tempelhof, iii. 307-317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre* 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637-654).

Red Water is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets-out accordingly: a very questionable, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme,—the wearied *slip*shod horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether:—in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavouring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning 21st November 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly,—with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers,—Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.[8]

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumour, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable

[8] Seyfarth, ii, 576; in *Helden-Geschichte* (v, 1115), the Vienna Account.

21st Nov. 1759.

purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that over-hasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne infernale*)!" The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behaviour at Wilsdruf that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolising a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible.

1°. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and Others.*

'*To D'Argens* (Krögis, 15th November,' order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army" (day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday), "and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our "measures are so taken" (Finck, to wit), "that he will not get out of "Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men "taken at Krögis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as "many."[9]

'*To Voltaire* (Wilsdruf, 17th November).' "We are verging on the "end of our Campaign: and I will write to you in eight days from "Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now."[10]

'*To the same* (Wilsdruf, 19th November).' "The Austrians are "packing-off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary opera- "tions they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two big "magazines. I render the beatified Hero's retreat as difficult as pos- "sible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures within "a few days."[11]

'*Same day and place, to D'Argens.*' A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; "*Ode*" (as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*) "*to Fortune:*"

"*Marquis, quel changement*, what a change! I, a poor heretic "creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little frequent- "ing Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; held-down "these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoun- "drel" (priest-pamphleteer at Vienna) "to be quite extinct, and gone "vagabond over the world,—see how capricious Fortune, after all "her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand "from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword,—whom "Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pil- "grimage before now" (to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna),—"out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger "dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!"[12] * *

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 101.
[10] Ib. xxiii. 66.
[11] Ib. xxiii. 66.
[12] Ib. xix. 103-196.

(A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King !)

2°. *After Maxen.*

'*To D'Argens* (Wilsdruf, 22d November).' "Do with that" (some small piece of business) "whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am "so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General "Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges "all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, which perse-"cutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark" (Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg) "to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. "The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been written "too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I "am so crushed-down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that "I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day to day I grow "wearier of dwelling in a body worn-out and condemned to suffer. I "am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, "sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. "Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then "write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. "Pity me;—and make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough "of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis."[13]

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate dispatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable:—ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation.—"Far too severe!" grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck,—had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was:—so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifulest of all for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 107.

21st Nov. 1759.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes-out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke,—the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accordingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them still on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.[14] A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then —!" Friedrich draws-out in battalia; Leo in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: "Come on, then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim: carting his provision out of Bohemia,—which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighbourhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.[15] It was well beyond Newyears-day before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to this poor cottage" (cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg); "Daun "did the like; and this unfortunate Campaign, as all things "do, came actually to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding.

[14] Tempelhof, iii. 321: '3d-4th December 1759.'
[15] Archenholtz, ii. 11-13.

'Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from 'Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freyberg in a 'bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping 'Daun on that southward or landward side, and ready for 'him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to 'Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not 'overpassed by either.' In Dresden, and the patch of hill-country to the south-eastward of it by Elbe side, which is in-step or glacis of the Pirna rock-country, seventy square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this,—with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value,—was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realise of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope,—which, after this, more and more died out; so that in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, 'had her state-'carriage half-filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the 'Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for 'sleep.'[16]

CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-60.

FRIEDRICH was very loath to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavourablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who stayed above two months;[1] and Friedrich did march about, attempting that way,[2]—pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked pas-

[16] Archenholtz (Anno 1762, 'last Siege of Schweidnitz').

[1] 'Till February 15th;' List of the Regiments (German all), in *Seyfarth*, ii. 578 n.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumours: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, '29th December,' &c.

sionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element;—and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Headquarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost:—never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.[3] But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbours. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth;—were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of Friedrich:—besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

[3] Archenholtz (*ut suprà*), ii. 11-15.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), *is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honour of a certain Event;—but is unpleasantly interrupted.*

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been; industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting-out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,[4] require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

'No Enemy of Friedrich's,' says my Note, 'is of feller humour 'than the Serenity of Würtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of 'that unfortunate Country; for whom, in past days, Friedrich had 'been so fatherly, and really took such pains. "Fatherly? *Step*-'fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!" growled the Serenity 'of Würtemberg:—always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor 'man; streak which is spread now to whole skies of boiling darkness, 'owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl Eugen, after 'divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by a zeal without 'knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Friedrich;—and still 'continues in that bad line of industry. His poor Wife he has made 'miserable in some measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor 'soldiers and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enter-

[4] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); &c. &c.

30th Nov. 1759.

'prise. The Würtembergers are Protestants of old type; and want 'no fighting against "the Protestant Hero," but much the reverse! 'Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of these poor people, before 'they would march at all; and his procedures were indeed, and con- 'tinued to be, of a very crying nature, though his poor Populations 'took them silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene 'Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

'Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more on 'foot,—and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757 he had 'lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; it was 'they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were the first 'that got beaten, and had to cease standing,—as the Austrians were 'abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: '"Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led as they 'were!" argued he. And next year, 1758, after Crefeld, he took his '12,000 to the French ("subsidy," or consideration, "to be paid in '*salt*,"[5] it appears); with whom they marched about, and did nothing 'considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, "I must command them 'myself!" "You?" said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next 'year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, "I must;" 'Belleisle not less so, "You cannot;"—till Minden fell out; and then, 'in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of 'Würtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and 'Broglio now has him at Fulda, "To cut-off Ferdinand from Cassel;" 'to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his provision-carts in that 'quarter. May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand;—and 'ought to be cut-out by the Hereditary Prince. "To Fulda, then, 'and cut him out!"

'*Fulda, Friday 30th November* 1759. Serene Highness is lying 'here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand,—has 'his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse;—but 'is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his 'main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty 'miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another,—with "patrols 'to connect them," better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, 'and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to "fire *victoria*" 'for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in 'farther honour of so salutary an event:—when, about 9 A.M., news 'arrives at the gallop, "Brunswickers in full march; are within an 'hour of the Town-Bridge!" Figure to what flurry of Serene High- 'ness; of the victoria-shooting apparatus; of busy man-milliner people, 'and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

'The night before, a rumour of the French Post being driven-in 'by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague 'order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact 'come to hand in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 10.

'Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon '(has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but see, 'here come premonitory bombshells one and another, terrifying to the 'mind;—and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one 'unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles,—the gunners 'leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. 'The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, '"running fight," we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two 'flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. '"A merciful Providence saved the Duke's Serene Person from hurt," 'say the Stuttgard Gazetteers: which was true,—Serene Highness 'having been inspired to gallop instantly to rearward and landward, 'leaving an order to somebody, "Do the best you can!"

'So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting all 'locked into their drawers again,—with abundance of teehee-ing (I 'hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disappointed of 'their dance for this time. Next day Serene Highness drew farther 'back, and next day again farther,—towards Frankenland and home, 'as the surest place;—and was no more heard of in those localities.'[6]

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and teehee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind;—like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires!—

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's-core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning;—in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "*Protestant* Heroism," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear,—Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous

[6] Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184-1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

purchase over him,—some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History-Books.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, 'July 27th,'—some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying-off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick,—poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labours in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuler men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled-out the following particulars, chiefly chronological,—and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert.

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. 'Maupertuis had 'quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire 'with pistols,—to be met by "my syringe and vessel of dishonour" 'on Voltaire's part,—was his last memorability in Berlin. His last 'at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

'End of April 1753, he got leave of absence; set-out homewards, 'for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and autumn: 'very taciturn in society; "preferred pretty women to any man of 'science;" would sententiously say a strong thing now and then, '"bitter but not without *bonhomie*," shaking slightly his yellow wig. 'Disdainful, to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and Voltaire 'gossip for or against! In winter went to St. Malo; found his good 'Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

'June 1754, the King wrote to him, "*Venez vite*, Come quickly:"

'July 1754, he came accordingly,[7] saw Berlin again; did nothing no-'ticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven months, 'June 1756, withdrew again on leave,—never to return this time, 'though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a 'month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn 1756), and still more, 'next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo,—what 'wars, and rumours of war, all over the world!

'June 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for Ham-'burg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers' (Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself). 'No getting to Berlin by 'the Hamburg or sea route! "Never mind, then," wrote the King: '"Improve your health; go to Italy, if you can."

'Summer 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Toulouse; '—stayed there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; saying, 'sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, admired by 'the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: "Europe bleeding, 'and especially France and Prussia, how go idly touring?"

'May 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse; turned towards Berlin; 'slow, sad, circuitous;—never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpellier, 'Nîmes; with what meditations! At Lyons, under honours sky-high, 'health getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. 'Thence, July 24th, to Neufchâtel and the Lord Marischal; happy 'there for three months. Hears there of Professor König's death '(*Akakia* König): "One scoundrel less in the world," ejaculated he; '"but what is one!"—October 16th, to the road again, to Basel; stays 'perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all Winter; health falling lower 'and lower.

'April 1759, one day he has his carriage at the door ("Homeward, 'at all rates!"); but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; can 'no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind care, for above 'three months more: dying slowly, most painfully. With much real 'stoicism; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost 'pathetic in its sort. "Two Capuchins from a neighbouring Convent 'daily gave him consolations," not entirely satisfactory; for daily 'withal, "unknown to the Capuchins, he made his Valet, who was a 'Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible;"—and finds many 'things hard to the human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died.'[8]

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest of an ardour, an intelligence, not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck,—hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything,—met, in the last miles, his Hearse

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.
[8] La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196-216.

20th Nov. 1759.

and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever,—and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November 1759): *of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other.*

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus,—not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flatbottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbour, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flatbottoms, 18,000 troops,—could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get;—in manner following:

'November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of 'sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. "Now is the time!" 'thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, 'who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, 'crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break 'of day, November 20th' (in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling-up upon him through the Passes), 'Hawke had had signal, "A Fleet in sight;" and 'soon after, "Conflans in sight,"—and the day of trial come.

'Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects 'much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at 'this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for 'Vannes and the 18,000;—in hot chase, at the moment, of a Com- 'modore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch 'there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the aston- 'ishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship of 'it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences chas- 'ing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure enough,

'coming down from windward yonder at his highest speed; and that 'chasing will not now be one's business!—

'About 11 A.M. Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are 'sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight 'Hawke; and drew-up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradually 'thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts 'and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might 'ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the weather 'extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. "Shore-'ward, then; eastward, every ship!" became, ultimately, Conflans's 'plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with 'those vanward Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly he 'did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, 'he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather:—a man of falcon, or 'accipitral, nature as well as name.

'Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the others,—all, 'more or less, so long as their plan continued steady:—thunderous 'miscellany of cannon and tempest; Conflans with his plan steady, or 'Conflans with his plan wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, for two 'hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, 'that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. Hawke, 'in his own Flagship, bore down specially on Conflans in his,—who 'did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides; but then sheered off, 'finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise gave Hawke 'a broadside; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. 'Some Four others, in succession, did the like; "One blast, as we 'hurry by" (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed 'swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, 'such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some 'time, and various ships were hastening to help him,—till a Fifth 'French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in 'particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together; 'which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden man-'ner. One other (the *Thésée*) had already sunk in fighting; two (the '*Soleil* and the *Héros*) were already running for it,—the *Héros* in a very '*un*heroic manner! But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, 'the rest all made for the shore;—and escaped into the rocky intrica-'cies and the darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone,—'struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct,—when darkness fell, and veiled 'Conflans and his distresses. "Country people, to the number of '10,000," crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; 'and, "as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace," disappeared 'into the interior.'[9]

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: 'The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder from our

[9] Beatson, ii. 327-345; and Ib. iii. 244-250. In *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxix. 557), 'A Chaplain's Letter,' &c.

'ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror to put a period to 'the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the 'River Vilaine' (lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, 'thumping against the shallow bottom every 'tide,' and only 'three, with three frigates,' ever got out again); 'eight 'more escaped to different ports,' into the River Charente ultimately. 'Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One 'we took.' Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. 'Two of 'ours were lost in the storm' (chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*), 'but the 'crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked *La Formidable*, bore-down 'on her with such violence, that her prow forced-in his lower tier of 'guns. Captain Digby, in the *Dunkirk*, received the fire of twelve of 'the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, 'and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he 'was informed all his powder was wet; "Then," said he, "I am sorry 'I am safe." They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged; '"Very well," said he; "then attack again." Not above eight of 'our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory. The In-'vasion was heard of no more.'[10]

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday November 19th:* "Today there came Three Expresses," —Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look,—and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke,—there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather;—and naturally, when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

'Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and Char-'ente Rivers for a good while after, and without interruption hence-'forth,—till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for one season. 'Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all Sum-'mer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, 'in the Fleet, arose this gravely-pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a 'wrinkle of briny humour grinning in it:

> 'Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans' (*Cong flang*),
> 'You sent us beef and beer;
> 'Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,
> 'Since you have nought to fear.'[11]

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather

[10] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232.—Here is the List, accurately riddled-out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English;—as did (5.) the *Soleil Royal* (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

[11] Beatson, ii. 342 n.

peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eyewitness; dating *Paris, December* 1759: 'Since the first days of December, there has been 'cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail of all that 'concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this long while: to 'wit, the number of Ships of the Line, of Frigates, Galiots,— 'among others 500 Flatbottomed Boats, which are to carry 'over, and land in England, more than 54,000 men;—with 'list of the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, 'that are also to go: there are announced for Generals-in- 'Chief, M. le Prince de Conti' (do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be "the Grand Conti" one day?)—'Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise' (left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise), 'and Mi- 'lord Thomont' (Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know). 'As 'sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the *Disem- 'barkment in England*, and the fear the English must have 'of it!' Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

'It is inconceivable,' continues he, 'how they have per- 'mitted such a Piece to be printed; still more to be cried, 'and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). This Song is 'indecent, in the circumstances of the actual news from our 'Fleet at Brest (20th of last month;—in regard to which 'bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans has come to Ver- 'sailles, to justify himself, and throw the blame on M. le 'Marquis de Beauffremont' (his Rear-Admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships). 'Such things are 'the more out of place, as we are in a bad-enough position, '—no Flatbottoms stirring from the ports, no Troops of the '*Maison du Roi* setting out;—and have reason to believe 'that we are now to make no such attempt.'[12]

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, 'as 'the expenses of the War exceed not only the King's ordinary 'revenues, but the extraordinaries he has had to lay on his 'people, there is nothing for it but,' in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy:—"Cannot pay you;

[12] Barbier, iv. 336.

part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per-cent interest instead." Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King's name, "That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money,"—his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d'Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King's own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint;—the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance:

"The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me a "pleasant resource for carrying on War!" writes he to D'Argens.[13] "A bit of mummery to act on the public feeling, I "suppose. The result of it will be small: but as the Belle-"isle *Letters*" (taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification) "make "always such an outcry about poverty, those people are try-"ing to impose on their enemies, and persuade them that the "carved and chiselled silver of the Kingdom will suffice for "making a vigorous Campaign. I see nothing else that can "have set them on imagining the farce they are now at. "There is Münster taken from them by the English-Hano-"verian people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, "quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repass the "Rhine" (might possibly have done so;—but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!)—"Poor "we are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages "about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will "decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the

[13] 'Wilsdruf, 28th November 1759,' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 108.

"Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can get "nothing out of Böhmen,"—one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net-result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; till, at the highest tables, there is nothing of silver dishes left;—and a new crockery kind (rather clumsy; "*culs noirs*," as we derisively call them, pigment of *bottom* part being *black*) has had to be contrived instead. Under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. '*Tout le monde jure beaucoup* '*contre M. de Silhouette*, All the world swears much against 'him,' says Barbier;—but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: "A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?"

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up,—trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called *à la Silhouette;*—and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette*. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard*, of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalised in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest,—brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings,—who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called "the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale*)." Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound;—and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March—June 1760) *an Edition of his Poems. Question,* "*Who wrote* Matinées du Roi de Prusse"?—*for the second, and positively the last Time.*

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that *Œuvre de Poésie*, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it,

not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary,—and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date 'Potsdam,' a cheap edition of that interesting Work.[14] Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to D'Argens, for example:[15] but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile,—Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two,—what this poetising King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: 'March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him,' Friedrich sees well what is meant,—and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three-weeks time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, 'circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg' ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an Orthodox Edition ready.[16] The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorised Berlin Edition too,—or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark;—and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite with-

[14] '*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*:' 1 vol. 12mo, 'Potsdam' (*Paris*, in truth), '1760.'

[15] His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138.

[16] 'Came out April 9th' (see *Mitchell*, ii. 153), 'and a second finer Edition in June:' in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with *himself* on these different occasions, and patiently wind-out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.

out interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent;—and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first;* poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,[17] a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The *Demon Newswriter*, with his "*Idea*" of Friedrich, and the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse:*" readers recollect both those Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship;—but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos reëmerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated "by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon," "by discovery of manuscripts," "by the Duc de Rovigo," and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the world,—'your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since' (much good may it do the Jesuit party!)—a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honourable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable

[17] Spring 1863.

and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London mooncalf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time,—as if that could have hurt it 'much! *Mit der Dummheit*,' sings Schiller; 'Human Stupidity is stronger than the very Gods.' However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did,—what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the mooncalf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small,—some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées;* some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées*, and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this mooncalf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy:

'The Author of *Matinées*, it is nearly certain,' says my Correspondent, 'is actually a "M. de Bonneville,"—contrary to what you wrote 'five years ago.[18] Not indeed the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was Maréchal de Saxe's Adjutant or Secretary, 'old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died November 30th, 1750; this 'senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him to Potsdam 'on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; lived a good deal there, or 'went between France and there: and authentic History knows of 'him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, the following Three Facts '(the *second* of them itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the 'indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain:

'1°. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, 'military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and was paid for 'them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw itself to 'merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or datable except 'as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above twenty years, 'Bonneville entered upon a series of adventures, caliginous, under-'ground, for most part; "soldiering in America," "writing anony-'mous Pamphlets or Books," roaming wide over the world; and led 'a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin as a kind 'of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; and had a mis-'cellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many of them, unlumin-

[18] A.D. 1858 (*suprà*, i. 144-45).

'ous all of them, not courting the light; which lie now in naturally a 'very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general 'dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady 'beyond what could have been expected, it does appear farther,—what 'alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or anywhere in 'Nature now or henceforth,—

'2°. Inferentially credible, That, shortly after that first rebuff in 'Potsdam, he, not another, in 1752, was your "*Demon Newswriter*," 'whom we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for 'a little while!

'Likewise that, in 1759-60, after or before his American wander-'ings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time,[19] stole 'and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *Œuvres du Philosophe* '*de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be "Potsdam," January '1760),' which we are now considering! 'Encouraged, probably 'enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now known to have 'been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief,[20]—and who may there-'upon' (or may as probably, *not* 'thereupon,' if it were of the least consequence to gods or men) 'have opened to Bonneville a new military 'career in America? Career which led to as good as nothing; French 'soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon 'which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subter-'ranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

'And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the 'time,[19] he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared 'next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been 'reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring 1863.

'3°. Again indubitable, That either after or before those Editorial 'exploits, Bonneville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and 'Papers, which were already the King's, to some second person, and 'been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this 'Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for 'what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, 'ended his life there.'[21]

[19] 'Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch 'of what is authentically known about Bonneville: "suspected both of *Matinées* and of the Stolen *Edition.*"'

[20] Choiseul's own Note, 'To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Libraire*, 10th 'December 1759: "By every method screen the King's Government from being 'suspected;—and get the Edition out at once."' (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

[21] 'Nicolai, *ubi supra*;—and besides him, only the two following references, out 'of half a cartload: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrètes*, "7th February 1765" (see 'Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § Matinées), who calls *Matinées* "a develop-'ment of the *Idée de la Personne*," &c. (that is, of your "*Demon News-writer*;" 'already known to Bachaumont, this "*Idée*," it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in 'Manuscript). 2°. *Letter* of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha' (*our* Duchess), 'dated "Paris, 15th April 1765:" not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still 'in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a Ms. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest 'extant (see,—in the *Grenzboten* Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473-484, 500-519,—

Fact No. 2, which alone concerns us here,—and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things,—comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty,—'certain' enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales;* the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well- or ill-disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day!

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich all through Winter; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding.

This Winter there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official *Declaration*, "We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace." This Declaration was presented November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with the due politeness, "Will give it our profoundest considera-

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'*K. Samwer*, who is Chief *Malleus* of this new London mooncalf, and will inform 'the curious of every particular).'

Matinées was first printed 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as "an interesting new discovery:"—very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor *London* print, that too) many years ago,—with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs;—and has since had three "priceless Mss. of it" offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

tion;"[22]—which indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a "Congress;" and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. "In Breda," said some; "Breda a place used to Congresses." "Why not in Nanci here?" said poor old Ex-Polish Stanislaus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;"—and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were 'upholsterers busy getting ready the apartments.' So that, with such rumour in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here,—a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody,—except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759-60, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it:—for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble-minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three:

[22] *Declaration* (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November 1759, presented by &c. (as above); *Answer* from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April 1760: are in *London Gazette;* in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in &c. &c.

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1.

"Wilsdruf, 21st November 1759" (day after Maxen, *surrender* was *this* morning,—of which he has not heard).

"Madam,—Nothing but your generosities and your indulgence "could justify my incongruity" (*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed). "You will have it, Madam, that I shall still farther abuse "those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that "it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which "does not merit such honour.

"Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and de- "lights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far,— "to the end of the Campaign" (not quite ended yet, if we knew). "The "Austrians are girt-in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two im- "portant Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed" (Kleist's doing). "There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that have turned "entirely to our advantage:—so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun "to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for "Zittau and Bohemia.

"I talk to you, Madam, of what I am surrounded with; of what, "being in your neighbourhood, may perhaps have gained your atten- "tion. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain "itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with "which I am,—Madam my Cousin,—Your most faithful Cousin, "Friend and Servant,—F."

2.

"Freyberg, 18th December 1759.

"Madam,—You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom "me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times "with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose "these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Cor- "respondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe,— "for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state "for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madam, that I abuse "your generosities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incon- "gruity of my procedures.

"The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges "me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of "misfortune here" (Maxen, what not), "at the moment we were least "expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and "hope; here are Auxiliaries" (Hereditary Prince and 12,000) "on the "point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Cam- "paign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May "you, Madam, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the

"world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and ad-
"mire you as I do. May you be persuaded that . . . —F."

3.

"Freyberg, 16th February 1760.

"Madam,—It is to my great regret that I importune Your High-
"ness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madam, have spoiled
"me;—it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I re-
"gard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse
"in straits. The question is still Peace, Madam; and were not the
"object of my importunities so beautiful, Madam, I should be inex-
"cusable."—Goes then into practical considerations, about "Cocceji"
(King's Aide-de-Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a
"Herr von Edelsheim," a "Bailli de Froulay," and the possible
"Conditions of Peace,"—not of consequence to us just now.[23]

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin in this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus,—let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather,—perhaps intermixed with secret jibings on myself:—let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing-off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them,—Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him;—as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being

[23] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September 1759 to 8th May 1760: *ib.* pp. 170-186. In that final Letter of 8th May is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there,—"the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*"

always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: "Nothing more of you,—especially of *you*, Madam,—as a practical domestic article!"

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* "read" it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly dramatic, Shakspearean-comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakspeare;—and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently-recurring topics, one that oftenest turns-up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so:

Friedrich to Voltaire.

'Reich-Hennersdorf, 2d July 1759' (shortly before Schmöttseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements).

"Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke!"—(In verse, this; flings-off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu'il adore*, on the Russian *que j'abhorre*;—then continues in prose):

"It is to him," the Well-beloved Louis, "that you must address "yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats" (his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion). "But these people have "their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns;—and "that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put-up "with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want "it good, solid and honourable. Socrates or Plato would have thought "as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the "accursed position which is now mine in the world.

"Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life" (*chienne*, she-dog)? "In seeing and causing the butchery of people "you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; "in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of "chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions; "in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

"I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society,

"the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody "whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase "them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our "duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of "our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The "illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures which were "not to his taste, *Candide* the like; and nevertheless took their mis-"fortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those "heroes?

"Take my word, our 'curt jackets' as you call them" (*habits écourtés*, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time), "are as good "as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks "of the Roxelans" (Russians). "We are actually on the heels of the "latter" (at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!)—"who by their stupidities give us "fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year "too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites" (Austrian colour of coat). "My neighbour of the Sacred Hat,—I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must "have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great deal "of lead in his bottom. * * F."[21]

Voltaire in answer.

'The Délices,' guessed to be some time in 'August 1759.'

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great "man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to "confess myself,—on condition you will give me absolution! I have "betrayed you; that is the fact"—(really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!)—'In fact, I have received that fine "*Marcus-Au-"relius*" Letter' (Letter we have just read); 'exquisite Piece, though 'with biting "*Juvenal*" qualities in it too; and have shown it, keeping 'back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the Court, *minaudière*' (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), 'who is here attending 'Tissot for her health: *minaudière* charmed with it; insists on my 'sending it to Choiseul, "He admires the King of Prussia, as he does 'all nobleness and genius; send it!" And I did so;—and look here, 'what an Answer from Choiseul' (Answer lost): 'and may it not have 'a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace—Oh, forgive me, Sire. But 'read that Note of the great man. "Try if you can decipher his "writing. One may have very honest sentiments, and a great deal of "*esprit*, and yet write like a cat."——

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse fell "in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired "of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

"into his mousehole (*souricière*); but he still loved the lion; and seeing "one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and kill him, "he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very "humbly your beautiful claws, in all submissiveness:—he will never "die between two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St. "Malo has done" (27th July last). "He would have wished to die "beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the "mastiff."—V.[25]

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, "How welcome every chance of a just Peace!" and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not,—probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched-out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris;—which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavour there; but made-out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure;—the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called "dashing," had entertained the matter merely in the optative form,—and when it came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming-out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any,—for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.[26]

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming-out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the

[25] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 59, 60.
[26] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38-41, detailed account of the Affair.

Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side,—that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing *of* him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately-chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when Luc's back is turned. For alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong-side too; least of all, a Voltaire,—doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens,—treble mostly, and a few of bass as well,—to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is Luc?"

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is! Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: 'M. de Voltaire 'had, at The Délices' (near by Ferney, till the Château got built), 'a 'big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones 'at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend 'or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. 'He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversation with select friends, 'as also in Letters to such, he sometimes designated the King of Prussia 'by that nickname: "*He* is like my Luc here; bites whoever caresses 'him!"—In 1756 M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frank-'furt Outrage, wrote curious *Mémoires*' (ah, yes, *Vie Privée*); 'and after-'wards wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in '1768,'—and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: 'Voltaire had an 'Ape called Luc; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the King, 'meant to stigmatise him as the mere *ape* of greater men; as one with-'out any greatness of his own.'—No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, 'bitten Voltaire

himself, while being caressed by him;' that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs '12th December 1757.' Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning,—stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life,—before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood?[27] That will account for *Luc.*

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during this War.

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). * * "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the "King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on "the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another "miracle" (like Rossbach), "he will be ruined. Better have really "been a philosopher, as he pretended to be."[28]

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of Pompadour, but soon to be extinguished under a Red Hat. Date is six days before *Zorndorf*). * * "I can-"not imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my "heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you "know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have polite-"ness; but one has memory as well;—and one is attached, as warmly "as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to "defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the "Germans in these days" (since *Rossbach*, above all)! "I have every-"where seen Ladies'-Fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, "eating the *Fleur-de-Lis;* the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de "Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary "Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not "have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, whither I am "just returning."[29]

To Madame d'Argental (on occasion of *Minden:* Kunersdorf three

[27] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, 'July 1796'); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.

[28] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ('The Délices, 10th December 1757').

[29] Ib. lxxvii. 35 ('Soleure, 19th August 1758').

days ago, but not yet heard of). * * "Truly, Madame, when M. de "Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient "chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon" (not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it),—"as Don "Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I "am French to excess, especially since those new favours" (not worth mentioning here), "which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le "Duc de Choiseul.

"Luc,—you know who Luc is" (as do we),—"is probably giving "Battle to the Austrians and Russians" (*Kunersdorf*, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind), "at the moment while I "have the honour of writing to you; at least, he told me such was his "Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame "for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you "knew this Duke" (as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern), "you would be "much astonished; and would say, 'The people whom he beats must "be great blockheads.' The truth of the fact is, that all these troops "are better-disciplined than ours:"[30]—Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns?—

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf:* 'mouse upon lion's net' nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my Russians "must be near Great Glogau" (might have been, one thinks, after such a Kunersdorf; did not start for a month yet; never could get very near at all). "Who would have thought that Barbarina" (Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public) "was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in "Glogau: Oh Destiny!—

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his in- "famous procedure with my Niece" (at Frankfurt that time); "nor "the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without "having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humilia- "tion, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation, "I don't quite know."[31] (Hear, hear!)—

To the same (a month after *Maxen:* "Peace" Negotiation very lively). * * "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this "happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck" (tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies), "which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin" (alas, not in the least), "some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! "You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th" (not a word of

[30] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 186, 187 ('Délices, 15th August 1759').
[31] Ib. lxxviii. 195 ('19th August 1759').

truth in it) "between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said to "have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this "Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians have "any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madam de Bentinck" (litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere), "'Write that to "our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least success, he tells "me, 'I have battered the oppressors of mankind.' Dear Angel, in "these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh:—and yet I "don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-Noirs*" (base crockery; one's Dinner Plate all vanished[32]), "to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pon-"dichery,—for I am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!)[33]

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a 'Letter left with me'). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eternel*. Your "King is always a man unique, astonishing, inimitable. He makes "charming verses, in times when another could not write a line of "prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And if not, "what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die between "two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such a "future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce this world is!"[34]

To D'Argental ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest). * * "But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great man who "has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The "Letters he honours me with enchant me. God will bless him, don't "doubt it,"—after all! "We have at Pondichery a Lally, a devil of "an Irish spirit,—who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000 "livres annually" (have rents in our *India Company*, say 1,000*l.* a year, as my Angels know), "which used to be the readiest item of my Pit-"tance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph over Luc in one "way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows you my imper-"tinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair "of bringing him to reason" (persuading him to give-up Clève, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair). "That were what I "should call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices "on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece."[35]

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Clève, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: "'Conditions "of Peace,' do you call them? The people that propose such can have "no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! 'I might yield the "Country of Clève, because the inhabitants are stupid'! What would "your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from

[32] Suprà, p. 248.
[33] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 346 ('22d Dec. 1759').
[34] Ib. lxxviii. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 302), 'rith Jan. 1760.'
[35] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 375 ('Délices, 15th February 1760').

"them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Cham-"pagner make a Hundred head of cattle?"[36]—

Again to D'Argental (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). * * "I conjure you make use of all "your eloquence to tell him" (the supreme Duc de Choiseul), "that "if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. That Branden-"burg will always remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no "Elector in it strong enough to do without the protection of our King; "and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have recourse to "that august protection" (Most Christian Majesty's) "*contra l'aquila "grifagna*,—were the Prussian Kingship but abolished. *Nota bene*, if "Luc were discomfited this Year, we should have Peace next "Winter."[37]

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). * * "He has been a bad man, "this Luc; and now, if one were to bet,—by the law of probability "it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (*sera perdu*), with his "rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all as "bad as himself."[38]

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles.

To D'Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22d November 1757; called by the Austrians "a Malpla-quet," and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). * * "The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us" (us, and our miserable Rossbachs), "in a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian "intrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more "horribly beautiful "(in the brain of certain men). "We pretty French "fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is done in five minutes. "The King of Prussia is always writing me Verses, now like a despe-"rado, now like a hero; and as for me, I try to live like a philosopher "in my hermitage. He has obtained what he always wished: to beat "the French, to be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians "are mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th "has given him glory; and with such glory, which is but transient "and dearly bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own "Countries, with those he has seized, unless the French again dis-"cover" (which they will) "the secret of losing all their Armies, as "they did in 1741."[39]

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). 'An ex-

[36] Friedrich to Voltaire, 'Freyberg, 3d April 1760:' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 73, 74.
[37] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 ('July 1760').
[38] Ib. lxxx. 313 ('Château de Ferney, 13th July 1761').
[39] Ib. lxxvii. 133-4 ('Délices, 6th December 1757,' day after Leuthen).

'cellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!' "Your war with "the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me like a war "of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going on a fight of "dogs and cats." ❁ ❁ "Would to Heaven our friend Moreau-Mau- "pertuis had cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted "comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissect- "ing the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of japanning "people with pitch to cure them of every malady; of persecuting "König; and of dying between Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)![40]

To D'Alembert (a week later). ❁ ❁ "What say you of Maupertuis "dying between two Capuchins! He was ill, this long while, of a "repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either a hypocrite or "an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and fill his place at "Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho warning Roger "(Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger "was unadvisable."[41]

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes of "anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman and "thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House has "not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not confessing in "Berlin. Over towards the Danube superstition is very powerful." ❁ ❁ 'The *infâme*'——"You are well aware that I speak of super- "stition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, "like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write with "address: God will bless you.—Protect, you my Brother, the Widow "Calas all you can! She is a poor weak-minded Huguenot, but her "Husband was the victim of the *White Penitents*. It is the concern "of Human Nature that the Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, *second* act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest outburst, into mere transcendant blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.)[42]

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations.

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. 'My discreet Niece burnt those *last* verses, Sire; no danger there, at least!' Truculent Bishop Something-*ac* tried

[40] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 191 ('Délices, 19th August 1759').
[41] Ib. lxxviii. 197 ('Délices, 25th August 1759').
[42] Ib. lxxviii. 52, 53 ('Ferney, 28th November 1762').

to attack your Majesty; but was done-for by a certain person). Friedrich answers: "In truth, you are a singular creature. When I think "of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. Im- "possible to scold you, even when you deserve it." ❁ ❁

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor "are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ic* or in *ac* "may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; ap- "plauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for "satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent "abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tran- "quillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of "my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my "actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very think- "ing, with two legs and without feathers."[43]

At Wilsdruf, just before Maxen (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion,—part of it given above). ❁ ❁ "For "your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris they are going to burn it, "the wretched fools,—not aware that absurd fanaticism is their domin- "ant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful "Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you com- "plain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with ene- "mies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with "mud;—patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general "rage, too indiscriminate perhaps."

'You talk of my Verses on Rossbach' (my *Adieu to the Hoopers* on finding their Bridge burnt[44]). "This Campaign I have had no beatific "vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and Tartars, "infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries, "and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of *them*. "Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's spirits." (Breaks-off into metre:) "*La Fortune inconstante et fière*, Fortune in- "constant and proud Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal "manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

"*Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,*
"*Couverts de sang et de poussière,*
"*Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans*
"*La faveur de voir le derrière*
"*De leurs ennemis insolents.*

"Can't expect that pleasure every year! ❁ ❁

'Maupertuis, say you?' "Don't trouble the ashes of the dead; "let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect "that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot you ever "make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descend- "ing to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, "but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath

[43] 'Schmöttseifen, 18th July 1759;' *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.
[44] Suprà, vol. vii. p. 246.

" has only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!"[45]—and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) 'With how many laurels you have covered 'yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is wanting to 'the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many perfect works, he 'could by a skilful manœuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with 'me, would think that his masterpiece!' (Takes to prose:)

" This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine Verses " as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinction you " will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

" I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing" (the *Edition;*—not you, surely!) " a pack of rhapsodies which were good " enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. After " all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manœuvres,"—what matters this insignificant one?

" I know not who the Bredow is" (whom you speak of having met); " but he has told you true. The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end " of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made " on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and " blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am " old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my " gaiety: if this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania " of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to " the few virtuous men whom I know."[46]

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on "Peace" again). * * "I will have you paid that bit of debt" (perhaps of postage or the like), "that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin,*" at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to make war on " me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twentieth-penny; impose " new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, " whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a " Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honourable to my " Nation. Your people, blown-up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all " your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved " it than I, either of you or of your French."[47]

Still in Winter-quarters (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). " What rage animates you against " Maupertuis? You accuse *him* of having published that Furtive *Edition.* Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after

[45] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61-65 ('Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759').
[46] Ib. xxiii. 69 ('Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760').
[47] Ib. xxiii. 72 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').

"his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion." (Breaks into verse:)

"Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:
"Truth can defend him, and will.
"His soul was faithful and noble:
"He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*
"*Que votre fureur criminelle*
"*Prit soin chez moi de griffoner*); he did:—
"And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!
"What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
"Whom I admired with transport,
"Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?
"Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
"Vile ravens pounce-down upon sepulchres,
"And make their prey of corpses:"—

Blush, repent, alas!

These Specimens will suffice. "The King of Prussia?" Voltaire would sometimes say: "He is as potent and as malignant as the Devil; but he is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship,"—having such a chance, too, with some of us!

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's.

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this: Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying;—did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples,—ceding those two litigious Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has dispatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn,—and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till

Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigour.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior Son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself,—no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple of years.[48] His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism,—so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; 'John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal,' was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes;—and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen,—

[48] Returned 'April 1762' (Friedrich's Letter to him, '10th April 1762:' in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.[49] Honour to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years;—and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand-by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumour and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to no-

[49] Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

thing); above all, there is perennially, budding-out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary,—for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favourable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.[50]

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy) seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it,—the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty; —and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

CHAPTER IX.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

It was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is;—though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. "We have 90 million Population," count they; "he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run-out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him." At Jägerndorf, in April 1758 (just before our march to Olmütz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on

[50] Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 &c.; Schöning, ii. iii. *passim*.

Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Fieldmarshal is worth 3,000 common men, or 1,500*l.*; Colonel worth 130 men, or 65*l.*; common man is worth 10*s.* sterling, not a high figure.[1] The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colours again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, "No more exchanging or cartelling; we will starve him out in that article!" And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their 10,000 men a year, have supplied him,—'had not there,' says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives),—

'Had not there risen a Recruiting system,' or Crimping system, 'the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth 'before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by 'every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. 'Compelled, cudgel in hand,' says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see,—for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): 'not asked if they wished 'to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colours, obliged to swear there, 'and fight against their countrymen.' Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all!—I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well;—setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned!—But, apart from all this, certain it is,

'The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian En- 'listers. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but 'hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for 'their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick-up 'men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon,' one of the Free-Corps people; 'a man formed by nature for this busi- 'ness' (what a beautiful man!)—'who gave all the others their direc- 'tions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself,' in winter-time, 'travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters;

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

'persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not 'only promised Commissions, but gave such,—nominating loose young 'fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants' clerks and the like, to Lieu- 'tenancies and Captaincies in the Prussian Army' (about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it): 'in the Infantry, 'in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars,—it is all one, you have only to 'choose. The renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, and com- 'bined with the notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission- 'manufactory was continually busy. No need to provide marching- 'money, hand-money' (shillings for earnest); 'Colignon's recruits 'travelled mostly of will and at their own charge. In Franken, in 'Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute son would rob his 'father,—as shopmen their masters' tills, and managers their cash- 'boxes,—and hie off to those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave 'away companies like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of 'spirit. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where 'they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the re- 'giments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-ser- 'geant,'—who doubts it?—'till complete submission. By this and 'other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised 'for the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits.'[2]

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia, 50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to coöperate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzig by ourselves be the advisable thing?"

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

answers Soltikof: "Dantzig is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzig; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege,—if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favourable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we,—in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods,—eloquence, flatteries, bribes,—to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austrian habits; and privately decide on *not* picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilised kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Würtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt;—ancestor of the now Russian Czars too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried-off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bond-holder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing :—Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers and 200 prisoners;—but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;[3] in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all,—except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rearguard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage,—what is the notable circumstance,—there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instrukzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.[4] This, carried to Daun's head-quarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so *well*, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.[5]

[3] Seyfarth, ii. 655.

[4] Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, '2d April 1748:' see *Preuss*, i. 478-480; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. *Preface*, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*.

[5] See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere,—one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own headquarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet,—but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others;—and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning, according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever;—in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how by the following small sample:

'Besides Fouquet and his 13,000,' says my Note, 'the Silesian 'Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far east-'ward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, some '4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various 'Hill Posts,—the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town 'of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf' (where we have billeted in the old Silesian Wars): 'Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschütz, 'south-westward of it, under "General Le Grand"' (once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!"), 'is probably the second in im-'portance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, 'perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prus-'sians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advan-

'tage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, 'Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, per- 'haps picked-up and pocketed altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. 'Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketed altogether, 'as he ought to have been!

'*March 13th*, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for 'the 15th, everybody to have two-days bread and forage; and warns 'Goltz, as bound in honour: "Excellenz, tomorrow is March 14th; 'tomorrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for 'both of us!" "Yea, my esteemed neighbour Excellenz!" answers 'Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed 'neighbour is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly 'sends orders to all his posts: "You, Herr General Grant, you at 'Leobschütz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march 'without delay; rendezvous at Steinau and Upper Glogau" (far different 'from *Great*-Glogau), "Neisse-ward; swift!" And would have him- 'self gone on the 14th, but could not,—his poor little Bakery not 'being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a 'moment,—and it was Saturday 15th, 5 A.M., that Goltz appointed 'himself to march.

'The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, 'above two years ago,—when he delivered that hard message to the 'King's Brother and his party, "You deserve to be tried by Court- 'martial, and have your heads cut off!" He was of that sad Zittau 'business of the late Prince of Prussia's,—Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, 'Schmettau and others. Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; 'Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with 'the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Por- 'traits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in 'that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong 'cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

'His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; '*Regiment Manteuffel*:—readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern 'Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with 'the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: "Good-night, then, Fritz! 'Tomorrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten." Their conduct, I 'have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; 'and since then they have been plunging about through the death-ele- 'ment in their old rugged way,—and reëmerge here into definite view 'again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of 'Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, '5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse- 'way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of 'Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. 'Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. 'And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

'Loudon, with about 5,000 horse,—four Regiments drawn-up here, 'and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had 'calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood 'from the rain),—is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. 'Loudon, by a trumpet, politely invites him to surrender, being so 'outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches 'on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the 'fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn-out across 'the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pom-'mern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: "Surrender prisoners; 'honourablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut 'down every man." "You shall yourself hear the answer," said Goltz. 'Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, 'makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. The Pommerners 'answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; 'in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at 'this day astonish the foreign mind: "We will for him something, '*Wir wollen ihm was*—" But the powers of translation and even of 'typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: "We will for 'him *something ineffable concoct*," of a surprisingly contrary kind! '"*Wir wollen ihm was*" (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! 'growled one indignant Pommerner; "and it ran like file-fire along 'the ranks," says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bellowing 'it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those 'circumstances.

'Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its 'baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; 'but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about 'ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried 'it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in 'vain. After which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, 'rearguard; and had peace for certain miles,—Loudon gloomily fol-'lowing, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, 'and ever again, at good places, I forget,—say six times in all. Be-'tween Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the 'road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons 'broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country 'carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left 'there or anywhere. Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as des-'perate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 'wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or 'prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some 'twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really 'concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! '"Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do," said they once to 'their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people;

'not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or Anglish type; 'highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with 'little call to Parliamentary Eloquence.'[6]

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign 'for want of health;' and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;"—which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.[7] But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few;—or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with dispiriting labours and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humour in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

[6] Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61; Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657-660; Tempelhof, iv. 8-10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 68) the Austrian account.

[7] Stenzel, v. 236, 237; ib. 243.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why they "persecute me: God knows what my future is to be this Year! "I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies; but how "augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which "goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy today, I will cut "short." . . . "Write to me when you have nothing better to "do; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to ex- "piate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* "world."[8] . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last Campaign, "were almost infinite: such a multitude of enemies acting "against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of "Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I "escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly to the "misconduct of my enemies; who gained such advantages, "but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often "corrects people of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit "by anything of that kind, on their part, in the course of this "Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.[9]

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a—what shall we say?—a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ('Freyberg, 20th March 1760').
[9] To Mitchell, one evening, 'Camp of Schlettau, May 23d' (Mitchell, ii. 159).

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps,—contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful,"—this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be:—or if so, it will at least be final to him!

END OF VOL. VIII.

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